

December 25, 1910

T.H.Q. NOON-DAY KNEE-DRILL.

Times of refreshing are enjoyed by Comrade Officers in all parts of the Territory will be remembered at the Throne of Heavenly Grace. The Lists are will be as follows:

Friday, Dec. 16.....BRIG. 500
Tues, Dec. 20.....MAJOR MILLS
Friday, Dec. 23.....ADJT. BEECH
Tues, Dec. 27.....MAJ. CREIGHTON
Fri, Dec 30.....LT-COL. TURNER

Xmas Sailings.

Are

you or your friends contemplating a visit to the Old Land? If so,

You

will be well advised to consult us as to Sailings, Rates, etc., as we are agents for all the leading Steamship Lines: C. P. R., Allan, White Star, Dominion, C. N. R. "Royals," and Donaldson Line. These companies have ships

Going

Each week. A letter addressed to Brigadier Morris, Transportation and Immigration Department, Albert St. Toronto, stating when you desire to sail, destination, etc., will bring you all information as to Rates and Sailings, etc. Passengers met on arrival at Ports of Embarkation and Landings. The old friends will be glad to have you spend Christmas with them at

Home.

PLEASE NOTE.

Any Soldiers unattached to Corps in British Columbia or Alaska, kindly communicate with Major Morris, 211 Hastings St. E., Vancouver, B.C., or anyone knowing of such Soldiers, please send full information and address of same.

WANTED--STENOGRAPHERS.

There are a few vacancies at Headquarters, Toronto, for young women who are qualified Shorthand and Typists. Children of Officers or Soldiers are at liberty to apply. Write

THE CHIEF SECRETARY,
20 Albert St., Toronto.

UNATTACHED SOLDIERS.

Salvation Army Soldiers at present residing in towns, villages, or other localities where there are at present no Corps in operation are requested to forward their names and addresses to the Chief Secretary, Colonel Mackenzie, Toronto, for enrolment in the Unattached Soldiers' League, for the purpose of spiritual intercourse also with a view to establishing new Corps and Societies.

EXCHANGE.

Bro. Edward J. Ford, of Toronto, (addressed to C. A. Office) the "Canadian War Cry" for exchange with the "Canadian War Cry" for copies of the American War Cry and Social Gazette.



CHRISTMAS EVE: GOING TO SPEND CHRISTMAS WITH GRANDPA ON THE FARM.



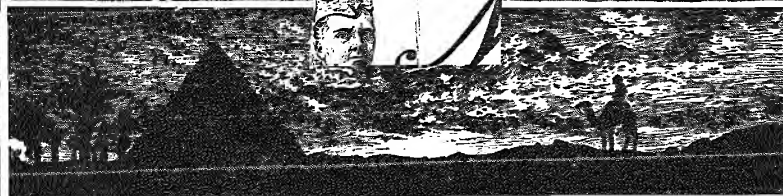
A young woman's reverie on reading the Christmas Cry: Christ left His home in Glory for a stable that He might save sinners, ought I not to leave my happy home and as an officer go out and preach the Gospel to the lost.

A CHRISTMAS DAYDREAM.



A young woman's reverie on reading the Christmas Cry: Christ left His home in Glory for a stable that He might save sinners, ought I not to leave my happy home and as an officer go out and preach the Gospel to the lost.

A CHRISTMAS DAYDREAM.



GOD'S BEGINNINGS

The Kingdom that Began in the Little Village of Bethlehem

By THE GENERAL

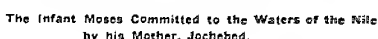
DEAR COMRADES AND FRIENDS.—How interesting a new beginning always is! Whether it be of a world or a tree, a river or a road, a house or a city, a man or a nation—the beginning of things has a charm and an attraction all its own.

I remember the last time I sailed through the Red Sea with its strange surroundings, how my thoughts wandered away to the humble beginnings of God's ancient people—the Jews. All around me were reminders of the mighty land of Egypt, the home of the Pharaohs. A few miles across the sandy plains stand the great Pyramids, silent testimonies to the grandeur that has now passed away. The Quails, descendants of similar creatures as those on which the Israelites fed in the Wilderness so many thousands of years ago, were there, massed in such multitudes against the skyline as to present the appearance of walls of glistening ice, while here and there the Arab Sons of Ishmael stood in stolid indifference, watching the great Ship pass.

Looking back in imagination over the years that have since rolled by, I could see again the flowing Nile, and the Royal Princess gazing with tender sympathy on the weeping Moses in his bulrush cradle, while his mother, with palpitating heart, watched the result of her ingenious stratagem for the preservation of her darling boy. And then with growing interest I see the progress of the future Prophet, as he passes on from infancy to childhood, and from youth to manhood, until he stands, expectant, under the gilded

My Comrade, while you read these lines, does not your mind go back to those early day beginnings? Who and what were you then in yourself? Who could conceive that any notable destiny or any influential position lay before

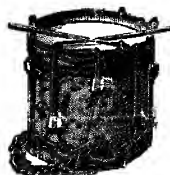
the 1980s.





Nobly Nash
Our Naval and
Military Work

The portrait of Mr. Bramwell Booth and his Staff that appears in our pictorial section is the copyright property of E. H. Mills. The four pictures relating to the Birth of Christ are reproduced by permission of the Mueson Publishing Company from "The Life of Jesus of Nazareth," by W. Hole, R.S.A. R.E., a work in colour of remarkable beauty.



BANDSMEN'S STORIES



These stories have been contributed by Bandmaster Sanderson, and Bandsmen Beynon, Tate, Ferguson, Clark, Hensley, and Band Secretary Felstead. Which do you like the best? Write and let us know. Ten Dollar Bill to the one who gets the most votes. Send in your vote at once.

A CHEQUERED CAREER.

Ben is now fifty-three years of age, and in his young days was seized with a thirst for adventure. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker, but left his master and joined the British navy. He passed through many trying experiences, and was on board the ill-fated Eurydice that went down in a snowstorm in 1878, when 298 persons were drowned and only two saved. Soon afterwards he left the navy and entered upon a period of drunkenness and debauchery. The Salvation Army Band however, greatly interested him, and he showed his regard for it by contributing as liberally to its funds as he could. But the bandmen wanted him to give his heart to God, and to bring that about decided to hold a fortnight's special prayer on his behalf. Night after night they met for this purpose. Ben heard of it, and the matter so impressed itself upon him that before the fortnight was up he had made his peace with God. His conversion was the talk of the town, and was a great inspiration to the bandmen. A drummer being wanted, Ben was given the position, and became very efficient, wielding the two sticks with great precision and vigor.

Being a trophy of grace and an able speaker he visited many places in the south of England and won many souls for God.

Four years ago Ben came to Canada and settled down in an Ontario town, where he is highly respected and is the drummer of the Band and secretary of the Corps. He has a daughter, who is an Officer, and the rest of the family are Salvationists. Splendid results for a fortnight's special prayer.

THE BEAT OF THE DRUM.

I was in the heyday of my sin and folly when I went to Sudbury to live. A day or two after taking up my abode in that town, I went to bed on a Saturday evening very early, not feeling well. I had retired but a few minutes when the Salvation Army passed the house. The beat of the drum arrested my attention, and I went to the window to watch the procession. About 11 o'clock that night I awoke in a great fear, so much so that I spent the rest of the night in reading the Bible. I thought I was going to die in my sin, and I promised God that if he would spare my life till the morning I would get right with Him.

On the following morning I went to the bath and gave my heart to God in the Holiness Meeting. At 3 o'clock I was taken very sick, and continued in a serious condition till 11 o'clock. A friend prayed with me, and, strange to say, a wonderful freedom from pain possessed me, and a great peace came into my soul, and I slept soundly till the morning. The following night I was able to go to the meeting and give my testimony and thanks for the saving of my soul and the healing of my body.

Shortly after I removed to Ottawa, where I have taken my stand for Christ in The Army. Seven years have passed away since that time. I am a bandman, and play a solo horn. My wife is a Y. P. Sergeant in our Corps, and our only daughter, Cassie, is one of the Corps' Y. P. champion collectors. I am doing well temporally, and owe my peace and prosperity to The Army drum.

THE BAND ATTRACTED HIM.

On a Saturday night some few years ago, our Band met at the Hall before going to the open-air service. It was in good spiritual fighting trim, and held a red-hot prayer meeting. Our special efforts that night were for the reclamation of the drunkards. We had several ex-drunkards in the Band, and these were especially interested in the Band, and full of zeal for this effort. We played as we marched to the open-air stand, which had been selected outside a prominent hotel. The crowds

gathered round us, and the testimonies, singing, and playing kept the service in good swing from beginning to end. We were in excellent spirits and full of expectancy for something to happen. Joy and gladness being dominant throughout.

Unfortunately we closed the meeting and marched to the Hall. Unnoticed by us we were followed by one of the hotel frequenters. As we commenced our inside meeting we noticed a man enter who was the worse for liquor. A Soldier conducted him to a seat near the front, where he quickly remained until the testimonies began. Finally, one after the other, the ex-drunkards in the Band rose to testify. Suddenly the man to whom it seemed the bandmen particularly addressed themselves, stood to his feet and exclaimed: "Can God save me?" The ex-drunkard who was testifying replied: "Glory to God, brother. He can. He has done it for me; He'll do it for you." In a few moments the inquirer was at the mercy-seat, and after praying for him, and singing helpful choruses and exercising faith on his behalf, we were joyously rewarded in seeing our captive sobered. He told us his sad story which terminated with his testimony of assurance of God's forgiveness. He had been a military bandman, but after leaving His Majesty's service, and getting away from the discipline, he became loose in his habits, that of drunkenness gradually fastening itself upon him. This particular Saturday, on quitting work with his wages he made for the hotel and there he had remained drinking and paying for the drinks of others. Several times during the afternoon he had resolved to go home to his wife and children, but could not break away from his companions. He had heard our open-air service in progress, but the three beats of the drum given before the commencement of the playing for the return march to the Hall awakened memories of his better days when he had been drummer in the King's Service. The glass of liquor ordered he left untouched and followed our march to the Hall, where, as his after life proved, God soundly converted him. He afterwards became drummer in our band, beating the very drum which had helped so much in bringing him into the light of God.

HE FOLLOWED THE DRUM.

One evening about ten weeks ago a Salvation Army drummer was on his way to the open-air meeting. He was copied by a man who followed him to his destination. The man was in a wretched state of mind, and had resolved to commit suicide. He had wandered outside the city, thinking that he could stroll into the bush and do the deadly deed without being observed by anyone. He had been drinking very heavily, and was reaping the consequences of sin. However, something induced him to follow the drum, and what he heard at the outdoor meeting and in the tent at Earls Court was the means of making him repent and bringing him in contrition to the Mercy Seat.

Instead of thinking all had been done that was required, the Captain invited him to stay at his house for a little while, and told him over the Christmas Holiday. For a week the man lived

with the Officers. Then they got him a situation, at which he has made good. He now carries the flag, and although I have been a Salvationist eleven years, I have never seen such a decided change in a man before.

CORNET PLAYER'S CONQUEST.

I have been connected with The Salvation Army for twenty-five years, during which time I have been a bandsman for twenty-four, both seen and heard of many cases in which Army bands have been instrumental in winning souls, but one case in particular stands out in my mind. I had been to a Corps specially in connection with the Harvest Festival, and as there was but a small band of ten players my cornet was quite a help. I did not know when I left the town that I had been instrumental in winning a soul for God; but a few weeks later I received a letter from a young man, who told me that it was the music of my cornet which attracted him and a companion to the service. During the prayer meeting I did some fishing, and spoke to these two young men. They both got well saved that night and since then the young man who wrote to me has been the means of winning many others to Christ. He has been the Secretary of the Corps, and when I last heard of him he was the Bandmaster. The other has also been a good Salvationist. I consider this a good example of how The Army Bands do good.

THE MUSICAL MEETING.

One holiday a certain Corps had announced a musical meeting. The bandman had decided to spend their spare time in playing the songs of Salvation, and as they played through the crowded streets of the city two young men followed them to the Hall. One was from a neighbouring Corps, who had come in for his holiday, and decided that a fitting finish to an enjoyable day would be a couple of hours at the Army.

As he sat in the meeting he was noticed by one who knew him, and, being a most pleasing and impressive singer, he was called upon to sing a song. He chose that one with the chorus

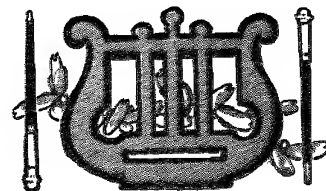
"Come home, come home,
Poor prodigal child come home."

The other young man was a backslider—a wanderer from the fold of Christ, and he was so taken hold by the singing of the young Yalor that he felt himself compelled to respond to the invitation to return to God. The bandmen felt very much encouraged that their festival was the cause of such a blessing.

THE MUSIC OF THE BAND.

Twenty-six years ago the Band of a neighbouring Corps assisted at the opening of a little town in Lancashire, England. Two men, both drunkards, heard of the proposed bombardment. One, in his simplicity, thought it would be a real warfare, and that in it persons would get killed. At the advertised time they were on hand to see the fun. The music of the Band so captivated one of them that he went into the building in which the meeting was held. The happiness of the Salvationists delighted him, and their testimonies touched him so deeply that by and by the tears ran down his cheeks. Especially was this so when the Officer read the old and glorious words: "Whoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." She also came and personally pleaded with him to give his heart to God. In that humble little hall God saved his soul, although he had been a drunkard for ten years, and for over twelve months had not been sober. Yet God blotted out his sins and made him a new creature.

He was over five hundred dollars in debt when
(Continued on Page Twenty.)



place in the world at which The Chief expects to be free from the interruptions and claims of the War, which is the easier to understand when it is remembered that Mrs. Booth is a Salvation Army Officer and the head of the Women's Social Work, and is to The Chief in a very special sense what The Army marriage service speaks of as his "Continual Companion in the War."

Let every Canadian Salvationist this Christmas pray: "God bless the Chief of the Staff!"

THEODORE KITCHING.

SOME LEADING CANADIAN STAFF OFFICERS.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. MOREHEN.
Brigadier Morehen has been an Officer for years. As a Field Officer he commanded one of the largest Corps in the United Kingdom, and was made a Divisional Officer in 1921, and in charge of six Divisional commands in England. He was converted in Woodford during the years of a great revival. In 1907 he was transferred to Canada and appointed D. O. of the Halifax Division. He is now Divisional Commandant, Toronto.

Mrs. Morehen comes from a family of Salvationists, two of her brothers being Officers.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. ADY.
Brigadier Ady has been an Officer for 22 years, coming out of High Wycombe in 1891. During his career as a Field Officer he commanded such Corps as the Chaplain Corps, the famous Red House Corps at Hull, Sunderland, and Oldham, L. For fifteen years he worked as a Corps Officer, and was then appointed Divisional work. He was transferred to Canada in 1908, and for a time toured the Dominion as a spiritual special, meeting with much success. He and his wife are tried and true workers in the D. O. of the St. John Division.

MAJOR AND MRS. PHILLIPS.
Major Phillips has been an Officer for 18 years, coming out of the town of St. John. His first appointment was to take charge of the Printing Department at T. H. Phillips, and after that, in 1901, he was appointed to the West, followed, after which, he was made the Vancouver Corps. From that time to the end of 1907 he was made Chancellor of the Corps. He was then made Assistant Social Secretary, and Special Officer, and in 1908 he was made the position of Social Secretary in the Corps. In 1901 he married Ady, and in 1908 he was made the position of Social Secretary in the Corps. He has been an Officer for 18 years, and has been in the Corps for 18 years. He was converted at Sunderland, L. E. I., and has been in the Corps for 18 years.

MAJOR AND MRS. TAYLOR.
Major Taylor came out of Hamilton, Ontario, in 1886, and for several years was engaged in work in Ontario. In 1889 he took charge of the Yorkville Training Garrison. The following year he was sent to Newfoundland, where he was in charge of the training operation and the Corps. Similar appointments followed at Halifax and Liverpool. He was then made D. O. of the Brockville. For several years he did Divisional work at various centres, and was then appointed as Chancellor of the Eastern Province. After holding similar appointments in different parts of the country, he was in 1908 given charge of the Social Work in Montreal.

Mrs. Major Taylor is a well-known Canadian Officer, who has done splendid service in Corps work.

MAJOR AND MRS. ATTWELL.
Major Attwell has been 20 years an Officer, coming out of Billingsbury, Kent, in 1890. His first appointment was at normal Instructional Headquarters. He was then sent to Montreal to assist in the French work. The Montreal Department at T. H. Q. next claimed him, and then followed the appointment as Chief for the Central Ontario Province. A post of Field work followed, and he was placed at Barrie and Orillia, having charge of the District as well as the Corps. In 1900 he was made Assistant Trade Agent in the General S.

SALVATION VIKING

AN INTERESTING
ACCOUNT OF
THE WORK OF THE
"CATHERINE BOOTH"
A SALVATION ARMY
LIFE-SAVING SHIP.



GLANCE at a map will reveal in a moment the character of the coasts of Norway. The wild surges of the North Atlantic and the Arctic oceans have strewn the Western coastline with innumerable islands, and indented the shores with an infinity of long rugged bays or gulfs, called fjords, which give more coastline per parallel to this part of the world than perhaps may be found anywhere else.

For scenery of a wild grandeur few places on this terrestrial ball can compare with certain parts of Norway. The mountains are covered with robes of clinging birch and pine and the precipitous are the shores that the biggest ships can come close to the mountain side and lash their ropes to the giant pine trees. In the springtime the foreshores are of brilliant emerald with the young grass, while in August the masses of purple heather bloom come right down to the sea level. In the forests the glory of the autumn tints can nowhere be rivalled, while the russet and crimson mosses, with fell grasses of every hue clothe the lower slopes in radiant colour. These pleasing glimpses of colour, however, grow gradually less marked as one proceeds northward. Beyond the polar circle the landscape is composed of black mountain glaciers, and eternal snows, always impressive, and often appalling.

Generally speaking, the country does not lend itself to agricultural pursuits, and, in consequence, Norway according to its population, has the largest commercial navy in the world, and one of its most important industries is the fisheries. The young Norwegian, as becomes the descendants of the Vikings, naturally enough turns to the sea as his vocation. In it he plays as a boy, and on it he toils as a man in the mercantile fleet, or as a daring fisherman.

In the southern part of Norway the fishing boats are very similar to the British fishing craft, but in the north the open boats, such as are shown in the accompanying picture are nearly always used. In such boats thousands of men sail from one place to another in search of the codfish. These caught in the neighbourhood of the famous Lofoden Islands are said to be the "richest in the world." If the men have a successful season they may make from \$250 to \$500 for four or five months' fishing.

But the cutting is a very arduous and hazardous one for the thousand miles of coast washed by the North Sea the North Atlantic Ocean and the Arctic waters are subject to terrific storms, and are extremely dangerous for navigators. There it comes to pass that, in spite of skillful seamanship and unflinching courage, the Norwegian fisherman very often loses his nets, outfit, and provisions and sadly too often his life, in his endeavors to

wrest a living from the stormy deep.

For a long time The Salvation Army has been working in the fishing villages, and splendid success has followed the labours of our heroic comrades, who have cheerfully undergone great hardships and dangers in their endeavours to take salvation to those who live in the outlying districts remote from the home cities—especially has this been the case in the northern portions of the country. These comrades were tremendously impressed with the dangerous calling of the hardy fishermen, and longed to be able to do something to assist them when in peril on the deep.

On their representations, Commissioner Ouchterlony, who at that time was in charge of The Salvation Army in Norway, decided to purchase and equip a lifeboat which should carry the double commission of life-saving and soul-saving.

Nothing but the staunchest craft can live in these Northern seas when tempests rage, and ordinary boats flee to shelter. The Salvation lifeboat would need to put to sea in the wildest weather in order to rescue those whose lives and limbs were in danger, so one who had achieved a reputation as a shipbuilder was commissioned to build the "Catherine Booth." He also built the famous "Fram," which carried Dr. Nansen on his historic journey towards the North Pole, and which at the time of writing is under the command of Captain Roald Amundsen, sailing on an

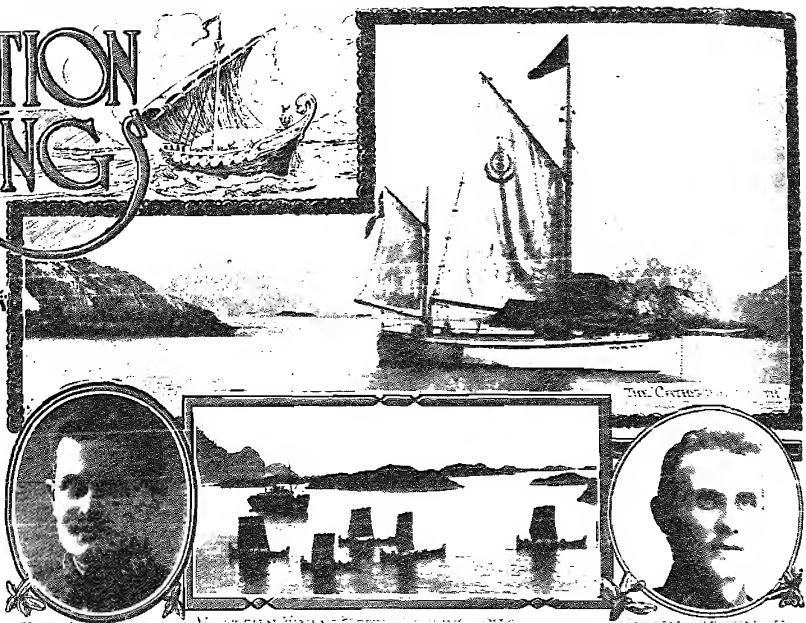
other Arctic expedition.

It was a stormy day indeed when Commissioner Ouchterlony, on February 18th, 1900, floated The Army lifeboat on the new fjord in the harbor of Lofoden. It seemed as though the enraged wind and waters had conspired to destroy that which was destined to protect the fishery now at the deep as many husbands and fathers, but amidst the cheers of the onlookers the precious flag was broken at the mast-head and waved gloriously in shrieking winds, and so the life-saving ship bearing the revered name of the Army mother, "Catherine Booth," the name which is blessed by thousands of men and women rescued from the terrors of sin and misery in all parts of the world, was launched upon a career of exceedingly great usefulness. During the ten years that the "Catherine Booth" has patrolled the Norwegian waters she has been instrumental in rescuing about four hundred boats and about seventeen hundred men, whose lives were in more or less peril. It is also very satisfactory to say that not only have many of these men been saved from a watery grave but they have found refuge in the Rock of Ages. The brave skipper, Eriksen Ovesen, who has been in charge of the boat since she was launched on her glorious mission, has many touching stories to tell connected with his special work. He says:

One stormy day we were out in a fishing boat flying six miles an hour. The "Catherine Booth" came down upon her, and amidst the roar of the waters she soon told us that one of the crew had been washed overboard. After a desperate search we had separated him from the main body of the boat. He was in a very bad condition. Would we take him on board and help to revive him? He was in great danger if he remained in the icy cold.

The skipper of the lifeboat would allow, he was transferred from the boat to the "Catherine Booth." We were administered first aid treatment which was most successful. He was then taken to the hospital and his soul, and he did not return to his home. He was a member of the lifeboat of Salvation Army and was a devout Christian, always at the helm.

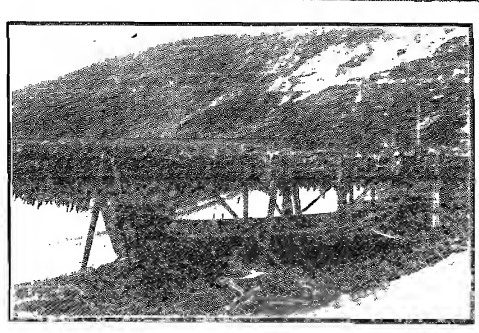
There was one of the lifeboats



How the lifeboat was launched at Lofoden.

The lifeboat on the new fjord in the harbor of Lofoden.

The skipper of the lifeboat.



Drying Fish in Norway.

cre... Was...
ins... on...
rat... we...
was... d...
was... ar...
observed a wrecked bo...
the waves. The "Ca...
the wreck, and succ...
from drowning. One...
than the scoter of a...
a great admirer of Th...
guar reader of the N...
hope will ultimately...
there shall be no mor...
I will conclude this...
Christmas story:

It is an evening a...
as dark as is usual a...
tudes. The storm is...
fisher-boats in the har...

What must it not b...
At Engviken the fis...
themselves as comfort...
mas. There is not in...
sents; but that, after...
Suddenly a rumour is...
tants of the little vill...
are still at sea!

"They will never be...
says an old experience...

"Poor wives and ch...
especially remembered...
widows left by our sea...

The inhabitants of t...
all their plans for th...
men are talking toge...
others proceed up the...
darkness will allow th...
missing boats. But an...
not a star. Everything...
increasing. None of t...
shining a few hundre...
the busy cities and ha...
as far north as Engvike...

It is seven o'clock, t...
ing boats is to be see...
creeping over the vi...
clock show eight—and...
light. Everything seem...

Did we say that the...
itudes, did not reach...
this side of the Polar...
for such a long time...
the terrors of the sea...
Catherine Booth has p...

"Impossible! No ch...
ashore; how will the...
anything at sea!" rep...

"Look! What is that...
other, who had been s...
on the mountain. "Im...
"It is a red one," an...

"There is the green...
"It is the shipyard...
of the "Catherine Bo...
round the boats?"

"Praise God for the...
nobly fighting her way...
she is a must in. One...
ly her. She found them...
then—where is the fou...
That was the great qu...
were welcomed by the...

"Catherine Booth" leav...
Would her brave crew...
have rescued three bo...
—that is enough of a...
weather!"

No!

There is burning in...
red-guerseyed lifeboat...
same love as we know...
who went out looking...

It doesn't take many...
Booth" to get her sails...
looking for the fourth...
a difficult job. The bi...
brave little craft. So...
buried in the deep wa...
wards and westwards;

At seven o'clock th...
the villagers are once...
weather is perhaps a li...
and nobody can see c...
snowdrifts and the how...
At ten o'clock in the

ette expedition.

On a stormy day indeed when Commodore Peabody, on February 18th, 1890, isolated by its isolation on the new island in the Gulf of Lawik. It seemed as though the crew and waters had conspired to destroy it. It was destined to wrest from the hands of the deep so many husbands and fathers. But the cheers of the volunteers prevailed. Broken at the mast-head and waved high by the cheering winds, and so the life-saving being the revered name of the American "Catherine Booth," the name which by thousands of men and women represent a life of sin and misery in all parts of the world, was launched upon a career of great usefulness. During the ten years "Catherine Booth" has paralleled the No waters she has been instrumental in saving about four hundred boats and about a hundred men, whose lives were in jeopardy. It is also very satisfactory to know that only have many of these men been rescued on a watery grave, but the have found the Rock of Ages. The brave ship's crew, who has been in charge of the ship since she was launched on her mission, has many touching stories connected with his special work.

On a stormy day we arrived at a fishing boat flying signals of distress. The "Catherine Booth" was close upon her, and amidst the roar of the waters the men tried to save one of the crew had been washed overboard. After a desperate struggle, water increased him from the men's water but he was in a very exhausted condition. Would we take him on board and help to revive him as he lay in great danger if he remained in this craft?

"As untaken as the gentle would allow, he was transferred to the boat in the "Catherine Booth." Medicine was administered and the man given which was instrumental in reviving him. He was then taken to his boat, and he told us later to persuade him to give up the life-boat of Salvation and to find glory with Christ, Father and the Holy Spirit.

"Once, when one of the lifeboats

tion with the story composition.

Number, is that of a Salvation Songster, a very charming picture. Don't forget when you have read this "City," to send in your votes in connection with the story competition.

OUR STORY COMPETITION

A VISIT TO A SALOON.

I DON'T believe in making a practice of conducting open-air meetings in front of well-conducted hotels, but if there is a low sort of a saloon in the city, where disreputable men congregate, I like to stand outside that place and proclaim the salvation of God. One Saturday night, about four years ago, my wife and myself, with our little band of Soldiers stood outside a saloon of low repute in Montreal.

When the time came for taking up an offering my wife entered the saloon to tell the people about the meetings, and also to take what they had to give for the support of our work. In the saloon a dreadful quarrel was in progress. Two men full of rage were confronting each other; one was armed with a knife and the other with a revolver. My wife went between them, and one put a quarter in the plate so that she might get out of the way. She tried to make peace, but failed. The other spoke to a man who was leaning against the bar with a glass of whiskey at his elbow. The words of the Salvationist had such an effect upon him that he straightway left the saloon without finishing his liquor, and came to our hall where, when the invitation was given, he came out to the Pentecost-form and afterward rose up from his knees with this testimony on his lips: "God has had mercy upon me."

Next day I sent the Bandmaster to his house to bring him along to the meeting. Both the man and his wife came, and the woman got converted that morning. Then the family, two sons and two daughters, got saved, and all got enrolled as Soldiers. The father was afterwards appointed Colour-Sergeant to the Corps, a position he devotedly fills to-day. That night a drunken Irishman who was in that saloon also came to the meeting, got converted, and became a Blood and Fire Salvationist.

The Army only needs to go for the worst, and we shall get them today as surely as ever we did.

FROM BEHIND PRISON BARS.

THE writer of this story is still incarcerated in an Ontario prison. She is Molly.

Molly was a girl seventeen years of age, with a comfortable home, a dear mother, and many other things for which she ought to have been grateful. But she had such a vicious temper and such an evil tongue that those who loved her most were constrained to believe that she was possessed of an evil spirit.

Her friends begged of her, and even tried to lure her to put out swearing and lead a different life, but all was unavailing. Her mother warned her repeatedly of the evil influence that her conduct would have upon the younger members of the family, but Molly only acted more wickedly than before. The oath and curses she uttered were horrifying, and the slightest annoyance was sufficient to set her going. As she got older she became more wild, and stayed away from home longer and more frequently until it became forgotten, and for two years she occupied almost every moment, and it seemed as though the more depraved she became the better she enjoyed herself. One of her special delights was to pull others down to her level and then exult over them.

But one day she awoke to the fact that she was about to become a mother; and it was then that the newfulness of the life that she was living was borne in upon her with crushing force. So dreadful did her existence seem that she felt she could not continue it, and she resolved to end all by death. She procured a packet of poison, and took a quantity. Molly, however, did not die, but for weeks she lay dangerously ill, and when consciousness returned found herself in her own little room at home with mother, so forgiving and kind, by her bedside.

Molly got well again, but her heart was not changed, and before long she went back to her old resorts, where she smoked and cursed and lied and stole as she had done before. One night,

\$10 FOR THE BEST STORY

THE following are the writers of the stories on these pages:—

Adjutant Coy. Captain Turner
Captain Becroft Staff-Captain Scar
Sister Mrs. Wagner Sister Mrs. Cooper
" " Sister Mary Topping. " "

Send in a post card, and let us know which is the best story.

a few years later, while staggering home to bed-room, so greatly under the influence of liquor as to be almost helpless, she was arrested and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. For weeks she spent the greater part of her time in the dungeons, only trying to get out of punishment in order that she might attend The Army meetings held in the jail and make fun of the proceedings.

Once she attended a service to criticize and to make fun as usual, but the sincere and kindly words of the Salvationists touched her hardened heart and brought her to God weeping for mercy.

She who had come to laugh remained to pray, and now her days are bright and cheerful, even though she is behind the prison bars. She praises God continually, and says from the bottom of a broken and contrite heart: God, ever bless and prosper the patient and persevering Salvation Army.

A CHASE FOR A WIFE-DEserter

RETURNING home one afternoon from vacation, a neighbour handed me a letter with the remark: "Say, Captain, can you do anything with this." Upon looking at the envelope I found it was addressed in a very vague manner having on it merely the name of the man to whom it was sent, followed by the name of the city (one of the largest in Canada). The man who passed it to me said: "That is my name, but it doesn't belong to me. It came by yesterday's mail."

The letter proved to be a very sad one, having been written by a deserted wife in the Old Land and in it she begged her husband to write to her, as she was nearly out of her mind with worry and the sickness of the children, etc. The tone of the letter was most pitious, and I at once determined to do my best to find the man in question, so I wrote to the wife, telling her how her letter had got into my hands, and asking for any further particulars that she could give. Advertisements in all the city papers failed to bring any reply, but finally a letter came from the wife, full of gratitude, and giving me an address where he once had been.

Armed with this, I set out to look for the missing man. I— street (the address given)



"She took a quantity of poison."

was soon reached, and the number found. Alas, it was locked and barricaded and had evidently not been lived in for a long time. The neighbours were bombarded, only to find that they were French, a language I didn't happen to know. At last I discovered an English-speaking person, but found she was very deaf. A mutual acquaintance ensued, and finally I had to write the name on paper. She looked at it, shook her head, and then said: "There is another street of that name at the other end of the city." Off I went, and after a long journey, during which I alone seemed able to enlighten me as to what this street was. I at length found it in a suburb, evidently newly opened. The number was again found, nest door to nowhere, and also found to be half-built. I was turning away, wondering what I should do next, when I saw through the scaffolding a sludge at one of the windows, and it dawned upon me that there was possibly some one in possession. A knock at the door brought a young man in answer. "Was a Mr. K— sent 'Living there'?" He looked puzzled, then said: "No, he was with me for a few days last spring, but I haven't seen him for months." Then he became very reserved. I at length elicited the fact that the man I wanted used to board with a Mrs. P—, on M— street. "Did he know the number?" "No, he didn't, but it was about two minutes' walk from one end of the street." Then he turned me that the missing one was a "French man, whose nose turned up a little at the end." Once more I sallied forth, and, after much inquiry, discovered the aforesaid Mrs. P—, on M— street. "Did she know a Mr. K—?" "Yes, she did. He used to board with her." "Where was he now?" "She didn't know, but she thought he was working on a new school that was being built close to the church at St. H—." "Did she know where he was boarding?" "Yes, it was somewhere on G— avenue just above J— street. She didn't know the exact number, but thought it was somewhere between 28 and 40. Neither did she know the name of his landlady." Then, as I turned sadly away, an inspiration seized her and she added: "But I have heard that she is an old lady who raises Chin at the butcher's when she can't get what she wants. They say he is able to help you."

Instruct me, Mr. Editor, if you can, regarding the stores of all the butchers in the crowded street of a large city, asking for a lady whose only description was that "she raised Chin when she couldn't get what she wanted," and was that was what it finally came to; for on reaching the "school next to the church" to which I had been directed by the sorry Mrs. P—, I found that it had been finished just a week before, and if the men had been discharged, I would have to go away to G— avenue "just above J— street" to look for 28 to 40, and found many chairs, that all the numbers "above J— street" began at 40, and the further up I got the more it got, for I began to get into the 50's. There was no hope for it. I would have to ask the butchers, for 28 to 40 was nearly a mile off, and quite in another direction. The first I found I applied smiled shook his head, and recommended the grocer. My blood was getting warm for the grocer. He also shook his head and at length with a grin said, for they had to make do— I was passing once more down the avenue, when suddenly, also one of the grocers, I caught sight of the number 68. Eureka! I got it. The street had been freshly numbered, and I carefully counted back till I got to what had been 28 to 40 by the old numbers. "Yes," there was a butcher's store close by. I entered and once more gave that famous description. The butcher looked at his partner, shook his head, then cautiously remarked: "It might possibly be No. 68." Away I went, sure I was now hot on the trail, discovered that No. 68 would have been 68 had it not been saved, and knocked at the door. It opened. I had no need to ask any further. The lady who opened it looked as if she was prepared to "raise Chin."

TYPE

Nearly 25,000 in the busy t

ITION

oon reached, and the number found. Alas, it was locked and barricaded and had evidently been lived in for a long time. The neighbors were bombarded, only to find that they were French, a language I didn't happen to know. At last I discovered an English-speaking person, and she was very deaf. A mutual signing ensued, and finally I had to write the message on paper. She looked at it, shook her head, and then said: "There is another street at that end of the city." Off I went, after a long journey, during which no one was able to enlighten me as to where this was. I at length found it in a suburb, a tiny newly opened. The number was again next door to nowhere, and also found to be built. I was turning away, wondering what I should do next, when I saw through the window a shade at one of the windows, and it drew upon me that there was possibly some possession. A knock at the door brought me no answer. "Was a Mr. K. still there?" He looked puzzled, then said only: "No. He was with me for a few days last week, but I haven't seen him for months." Then came very reserved. I at length elicited the fact that the man I wanted used to board with a P. on M. street. "Did he know the man?" "No, he didn't; but it was about five minutes' walk from one end of the street." Then he told me that the missing one was a "blackish" whose nose turned up a little at the end. I more I walked forth and after much inquiry, I reached the afore-said Mrs. P. on M. street. "Did she know a Mr. K.?" "Yes, she did. He used to board with her." "Where was he?" "She didn't know, but she thought he was working on a new school that was being close to the church at St. H. street." "Did she know where he was boarding?" "Yes; it was where on G. avenue just above J. street." She didn't know the exact number, but it was somewhere between 20 and 40. "Or did she know the name of his landlady?" As I turned away, an inspiration seized me, and she added: "But I have heard that an old lady who raises Cain at the hotel when she can't get what she wants. They are able to help you."

Imagine me, Mr. Editor, if you can, entering the stores of all the butchers in the crowded city, asking for a lady whose description was that "she raised Cain when she couldn't get what she wanted," and asking what it finally came to; for on reaching a school next to the church, to which I had directed by the worthy Mrs. P., I found it had been finished just a week before, and the men had been discharged. I wandered my way to G. avenue "just above J. street" to look for 20 to 40, and found, to my surprise, that all the numbers "above J. street" were at 206, and the further up I got the more I began to get into the 500s. I gave up hope for it. I would have to attack the numbers, for 20 to 40 was nearly a mile away, quite in another direction. The first to whom I called smiled, shook his head, and then turned the grocer. My blood was getting up for the grocer. He also shook his head, with aching feet, for they had been on their feet, I was passing once more down the street, when suddenly, above one of the doors, right sight of the number 60. "Eureka!" I had it! The street had been freshly numbered. I only counted back till I got to what would have been 20 to 40 by the old numbers. Yes! There was a butcher's store close by. I entered and once more gave that famous slip. The butcher looked at his partner, searched his head, then cautiously remarked that it might possibly be No. 406. Away I went, sure now that on the trail, discovered that No. 406 had been 48 had it not been altered, knocked at the door. It opened. I had no time to ask any further. The lady who opened looked at me as if she was prepared to "raise Cain."

OUR PICTORIAL SECTION



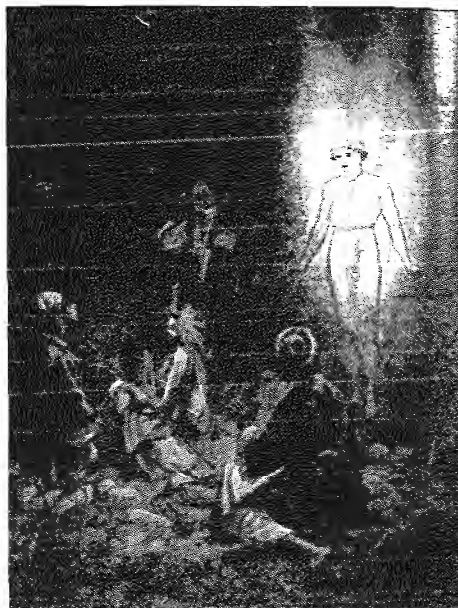
TYPES OF SALVATION SOLDIERY. No. 1.—THE BANDSMAN.

Nearly 25,000 Army Bandsmen march on an average 100,000 miles each Sabbath Day playing in the slums where the poor dwell, and in the busy thoroughfares where pleasure-seekers congregate, the glorious songs of salvation sounding out hope and warning to all men.

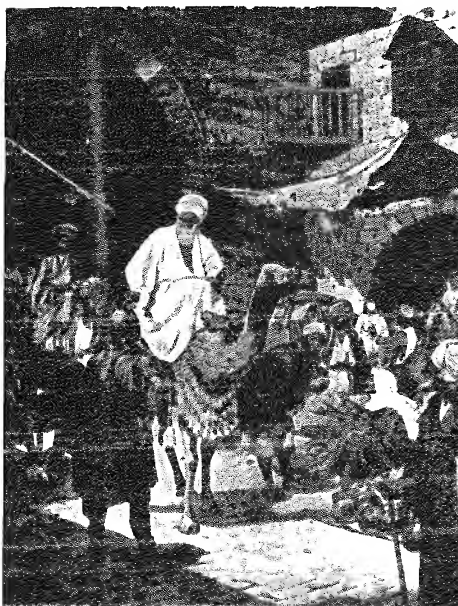
SCENES OF THE FIRST- CHRISTMAS.



"And Joseph went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, to the City of David, which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the House and family of David." :: ::



"And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flock. And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them."



"Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, behold wise men came from the East up to Jerusalem, saying, 'Where is he that is born King of the Jews?'" :: ::



"And when they came into the house and saw the young child with Mary his mother, and they fell down and worshipped him, and opening their treasures they offered unto him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh."

THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF, with Colonel Kitching and Lieut. Colonel Le Butt, his Secretaries, and Major Freeman, one of his Assistant Secretaries.

LIEUT. COLONEL LE BUTT.

MAJOR FREEMAN.

THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

COLONEL KITCHING.

CHRISTMAS.



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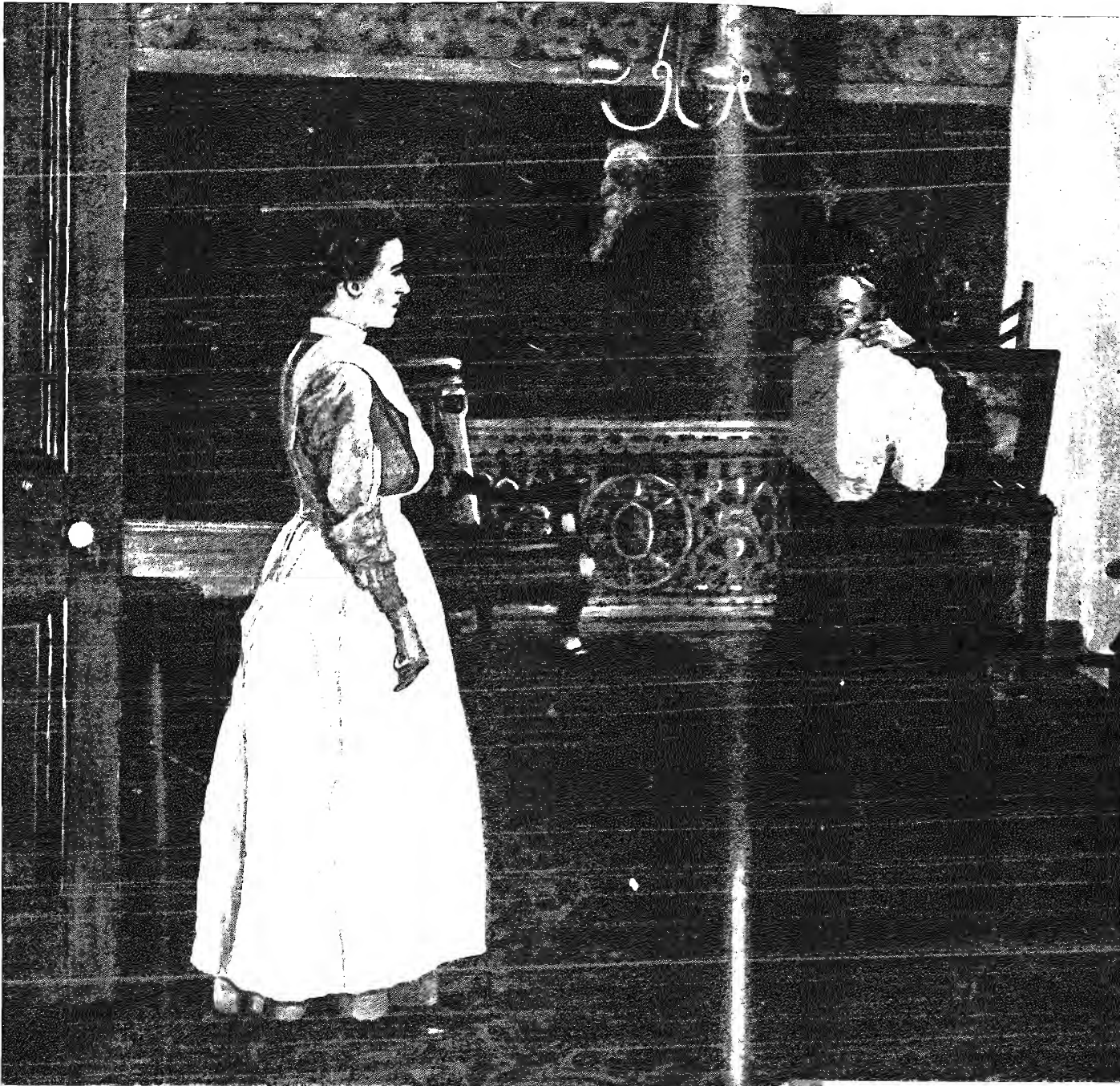
LIEUT.-COLONEL LE BUTT.

MAJOR FREEMAN.

THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

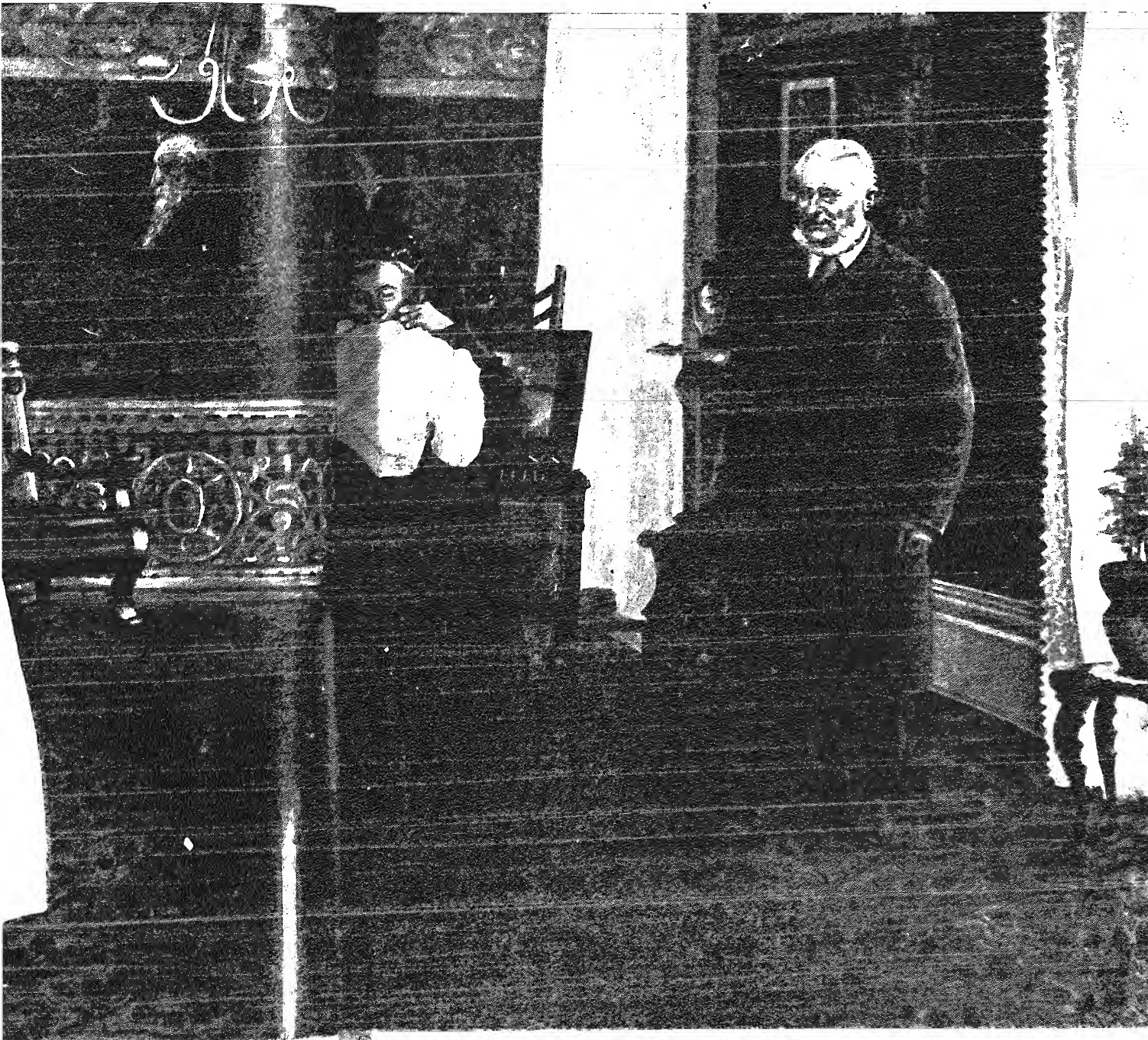
COLONEL KITCHING.





"RESTORED TO FRIENDS."

Out of the 863 Girls who left the A shows such a restoration—and tells its

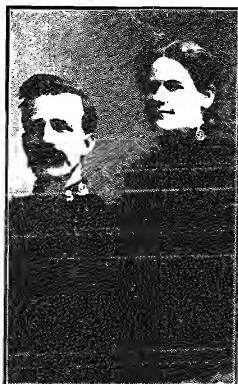


Drawn by Brigadier Bond

D FRIENDS."

Out of the 863 Girls who left the Army's Homes last year 324 were restored to Friends. Our picture shows such a restoration—and tells its own pathetic story. It represents an actual incident :: :: ::

THE LUMBER CAMP.
By permission of the Author, W. H. Briggs, O.S.A.



BRIGADIER and MRS. MOREHEN.

MAJOR and MRS. TAYLOR.



BRIGADIER and MRS. ADBY.



MAJOR and MRS. ATTWELL.



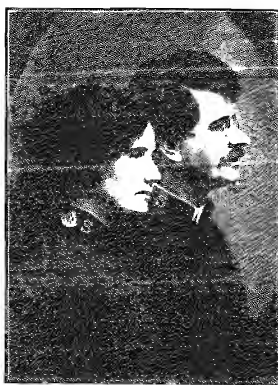
MAJOR and MRS. PHILLIPS.



MAJOR and MRS. TURPIN



MAJOR and MRS. HAY.



MAJOR and MRS. GREEN

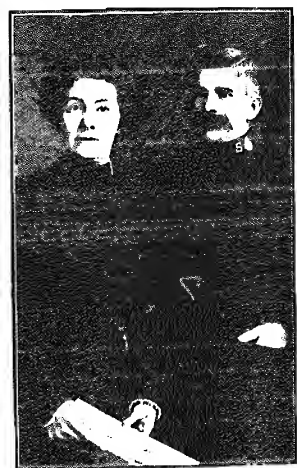


MAJOR and Mrs. McLEAN

LINEMEN IN NEW ONTARIO.
By permission of the Author, C. Jefferys, O.B.A., and M. F. Gage, Secretary, O.B.A.



BRIGADIER and MRS. ADBY.



MAJOR and MRS. TURPIN.



MAJOR and Mrs. McLEAN.

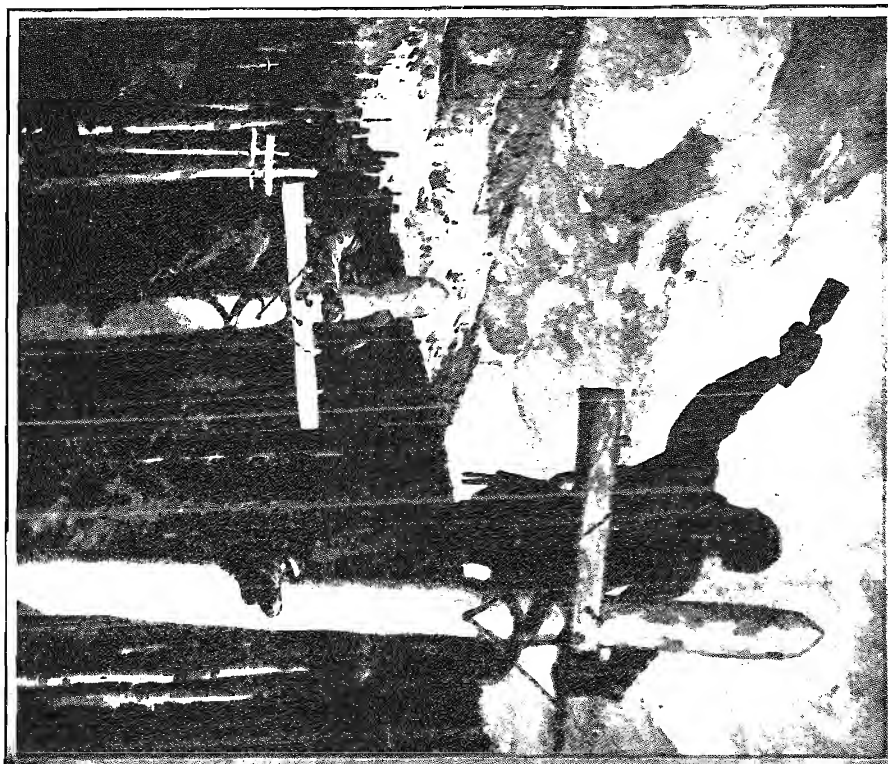
THE LUMBER CAMP.

By permission of the Artists, F. H. Bishop, O.S.A.



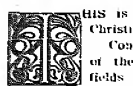
LINEMEN IN NEW ONTARIO.

By permission of the Artists, C. Jeffery, O.S.A. and R. F. Ogden, Secretary, O.S.A.



CIVILIZATION. TAMING THE WILDS OF CANADA.

Emmie Goodchild and her Christmas Basket



THIS IS CHRISTMAS
Comes
of the
fields by
gathered about the
shadows in the flicker
masses in the outer
are resting. Beyond
sky-line, broken by the
David's town. Above
space so vast, so
the imagination flutters
it cannot fly so far.

It is very still. A
yawns drowsily; an
a sheepish tinkle;
and then forgets its
night wind rustles in

Then on a sudden
their tares at the bla
beside them, his sil
arrested flight. "Th
good tidings of great
people," and tells th
the Babe, the world
whole sky flushes wi
above that seemed s
rank on rank of l
"Glory to God in the
good will toward me
and haws weaving in
phony, that all too
yaris are knit toget
are hushed to us fo
out. All is dark an
light flickering upon
shepherds, the dim
rim and the faint sh
overhead the vaulted
chanters have withdr
to go in, that the l
back to earth.

The shepherds h
lost faint anthelm, h
crumbling fall, the
the night-wind's rust
their ears.

This is why Chris
But what have s
uttering with cand
trails? What have
bound in wreaths
mistletoe, and hewn
the Babe, the world
mysterious being th
look upon him, but
behind reindeer and
one? Nothing at all

These things are
faith, not the new
men that made it;
querable. It will nev

Age and ages lo
the Young Child lay
toast on December 2
of the procession of
fixity of that date
the feast.

In almost every
Christian men ha
Yuletide never vari
hoped to smother
crowding Christmas
die. It has learned
it has been sweeten
is Yule, not Christm

The men and w
to if we had the r
knew well enough b
hammer over what

Id and asket



HAVE
LEAST
LE ONES YE HAVE

Christmas Thought



THIS is Christmastide. And what is Christmas?
Comes to us at once the picture of the shepherds abiding in the fields by night. We see them gathered about the fire, and high lights and deep shadows in the flickering orange glow. Formless masses in the outer gloom show where the sheep are resting. Beyond their fires the uncertain skyline, broken by the faint shine of lights from David's town. Above, warmsplinked, vaults a space so vast, so lacking in a thither side, that the imagination flutters and sinks back to earth. It cannot fly so far.

It is very still. An old shepherd sighs; a boy yawns drowsily; an elder sinks in crumpling fat; a shepherd fiddles; a lamb bleats treacherously, and then forgets its dream and sleeps again; the night wind rustles in the grasses; it is very still.

Then on a sudden the shepherds wrinkle up their faces at the blinding light. An angel stands beside them, his silver feathers quivering with arrested flight. "Behold," he says, "I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people," and tells them where and how to find the Babe, the world's Redeemer. And then the whole sky flushes with a rosy glow, and the air above that seemed so empty is all thronged with rank on rank of heavenly singers, chanting: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," treble and counter, minor and bass weaving in and out in wonderful polyphony, till all too soon—oh, all too soon!—the parts are built together in sevenfold Amen, and are hushed to his forever. The rosy glow fades out. All is dark again. There is only the fire-light flickering upon the framed figures of the shepherds, the dim, uncertain edges of the sky rim and the faint shine of Bethlehem Town, and overhead the vaulted space, whether the heavenly chancery have withdrawn, a space so vast, so true to so far, that the imagination flutters and sinks back to earth.

The shepherds harken if they can catch one faint faint intimation, but there are only the embers' crumbling fall, the treacherous beating of a lamb, the night-wind's cackle, and the blood beating in their ears.

This is why Christmas be.
But what have shepherds to do with fire-trees glittering with candles and sembleries of gilded fruits? What have unceasing clouds to do with holy bound in wreaths with blood-red ribbons, palm-mistletoe, and because that it gives? What has the Babe, the world's Redeemer, to do with a mysterious being that cannot bear that we should look upon him, but comes at midnight, riding behind reindeer and showering gifts on every one? Nothing at all.

These things are Yule, not Christmas; the old faith, not the new. The old religion is like the men that made it; it is unconquered and unconquerable. It will never die and be forgot.

And ages before the star hung over where the Young Child lay, all of North Europe kept a feast on December 25th, this was no place to talk of the procession of the oxen, and the stubborn fixity of that date proves the high antiquity of the feast.

In almost every month of all the twelve, most Christian men have celebrated the Nativity. Yule-tide never varied. Perhaps the missionaries hoped to another out this heathen festival by crowding Christians in upon it, but it would not do. It has learned to keep step with Christmas; it has been sweetened and softened by it, but it is Yule, not Christmas, to this day.

The men and women we could all trace back to if we had the records, men and women that knew well enough how to make the sign of Thor's hammer over what they ate and drank, before



The Annunciation

there was a Cross to make the sign of, used at the Yule to bring trees of fir into the house, to deck them with nuts and apples and lighted candles. A hog of sacred oak they dragged to the fireplace and burned there. The last sheaf of wheat, left unthrashed, they set up on the ridge-pole of the house, not that the hungry winter birds might feast as well as they, but for a welcome reason. The mistletoe they cut from trees, especially the oak and brought it home with singing. I pray you heed and you shall see why mistletoe never should hang in a Christian church.

The man that cut that last sheaf of the harvest, the "neck" as it was called, drank deeper and ate more than all the other reapers. He enjoyed life to the uttermost at the Yule-tide. His will was to be obeyed even to the greatest folly. Everything he asked for was his without a question. Everything, bar nothing. Under the mistletoe naught was forbidden him.

It grows tragic. Something terrible to tell lurked under this loud and boisterous festivity. The man that cut the "neck"—it was no work of his to cut it, but his fate. With the other harvesters he had cast his sickle at the last few stalks of standing grain. By ill chance, it was his blade that lopped them.

It is the custom nowadays to make a feat of things that in themselves and of old time were very far removed from laughter. We say: "He thinks he's it," meaning: "He has too flattering an opinion of himself." Originally it portended something too grave to have a name. A so-called name phrase is: "He got it in the neck," which, if it were of modern coinage, were an expression perfectly senseless, but it is very, very old and dark's ominous. It is the cry that marked the Yule-tide victim, "He's gotten the neck." In the last few stalks of standing grain the spirit of the harvest took her refuge. He that cut it, cut her throat. His friends made up to him as best they could the utterable misfortune that had befallen him in being it; they made a king of him, as in other places other victims were made king and wore a purple robe. As this man had served the harvest spirit, so was he served.

In these days we call that mysterious being, on whom we must not look, by the name of Santa

Claus. Santa Claus is St. Nicholas, the Wonder-worker. As he grows older, I think he grows more gentle and forbearing with the children. We may say: "Now, Kenneth, unless you are a very much better little boy than you have been, Old S may will not bring you anything. No drum, no express-wagon, not a single thing." But I take notice that naughty perverse Kenneth, who kicks and screams with temper, gets just as many pretty toys on Christmas Eve from the fat saint as the goodly, who never answers saucily and always does what he is told. Not so very many years ago bad children used to find lumps of coal in their stockings on Christmas morning. A century or so ago if we may trust old German prints, he used to whip the naughty boys; and still more anciently, he scourged the first-born son, be he well or ill behaved. This has a sinister appearance. It means that this mysterious and night visitor is older far than Santa Claus, St. Nicholas, or any Christian saint. He is of Moses's age, brother to Saturn. I speak as discreetly but as meaningfully as possible when I say that he is older than the fassover, and not remote from Abraham.

I think that none of us can help a sigh and a cold chill as we bethink us what this means. Terrible as it seems to us, our kloof long and long ago deemed it a solemn duty. Gloomy and tragic as it seems to us, it was to them the very path and heart of Yule-tide. It was done for the selfsame reason that the holy and mistletoe were brought in, the fir-tree hung with nuts and apples, and the Yule-log lighted.

The reason was
Suppose you had to let somebody know that you were very hungry, somebody that did not use your language, how would you do? You would make signs of eating, would you not?

And suppose that everything about you, plants, animals, rocks, rivers, clouds, sun, moon, stars, and all were living beings like yourself, but not knowing or not choosing to use your language, you would pantomime your wants to them as best you could. If the country needed rain, you would sprinkle water solemnly and with due process. If you forgot or left out no detail, sung the right words to the right tune and all, it would rain. It couldn't help itself, if it didn't rain, then it was your fault; you had left out something of the pantomime act. Every morning while it was yet dark, somebody had to light a fire to give the sun his cue to rise. If no such fire were lighted—but it is idle speculating on the "consequences of what never happened." Evidently there has always been some one in some place to light the fire, for the sun has a ways risen regularly.

It seems ridiculous to us that human beings ever should have seriously believed that what they did could change the ordered sequence of the universe, but all men have believed this, and tied lemons in string to keep the sun from going down till they got home. Perhaps our most pretensions of ours will seem as comical to our children that shall come after us.

Even we, who take but little heed of the sky (men of the truck take that we are), must notice that at the season of the year the sun hangs low in the south. It is nothing like so nearly overhead as in the olden time when there is cause for cattle and wild game to feed on, when fruits and berries from the trees and bushes, when nuts and seeds are ripening, when you can live a life of food and tree, and are not prisoners of the cold, kept on short and joyless rations. Day by day the sun sinks lower, then seems to falter. On this day, if the right things are done, he will begin to inch a little higher in the southern heaven until summer comes again. This day is Yule. That it is December 25th, and
(Continued on Page Twenty-Nine)

Emmie Goodchild and her Christmas Basket



1
LITTLE EMIE GOODCHILD
OUT OF HER CHRISTMAS
GIFTS GIVES 50 CENTS TO
THE ARMY CAPTAIN
FOR THE POOR. ~ ~ ~

2
THE CAPTAIN
INVITES HER TO
TAKE A BASKET
TO THE POOREST
FAMILY SHE
KNOWS



3. SHE DOES SO.



4 WHEN SHE SEES THE INTERIOR OF THE
HOME AND THE POOR FAMILY SHE IS
GLAD SHE GAVE HER GIFT TO THE
POOR. ~ ~ ~



5
THEY THANK
HER FOR THE
GIFT ~ ~ ~



6
"INASMUCH AS YE HAVE
DONE IT UNTO THE LEAST
OF THESE MY LITTLE ONES YE HAVE
DONE IT UNTO ME."



HIS is
Christ
Com
of the
fields

gathered about the
shadows in the
masses in the outer
are resting. Beyond
sky-ribs, broken by
David's town. All
space so vast, so
the imagination (th
it cannot fly so far
It is very still.

awns drowsily; an
a sheepfold tumbles
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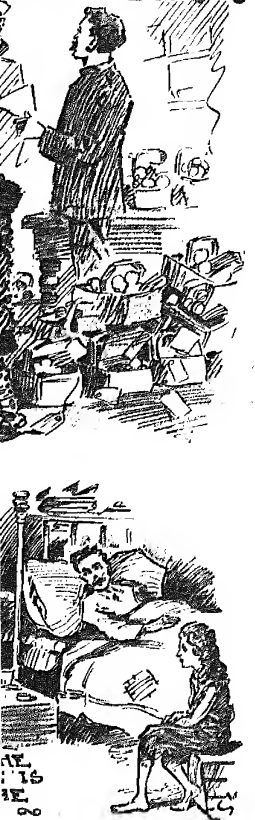
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AT LEAST
ONE OF US HAVE

Christmas Thought

THIS is Christmastide. And what is Christmas?
Comes to us at once the picture of the shepherds abiding in the fields by night. We see them gathered about the fire, and high lights and deep shadows in the flickering orange glow. Fatigues mellowed in the outer glow show where the sheep are resting. Beyond them eludes the uncertain sky-line, broken by the faint outline of lights from David's town. Above, star-spinked, vaults a space so vast, so lacking in a thicker side, that the imagination flutters and sinks back to earth. It cannot fly so far.

It is very still. An old shepherd stirs; a boy yawns drowsily; an ember sinks in crackling flint; a shepherds' thick; a lamb bleats treacherously, and then forgets its dream and sleeps again; the night wind rustles in the grasses; it is very still.
Then on a sudden the shepherds wrinkle up their faces at the blinding light. An angel stands beside them, his silver feathers quivering with arrested flight. "Behold," he says, "I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people," and tells them where and how to find the Babe, the world's Redeemer. And then the whole sky flushes with a rosy glow, and the air above that seemed so empty is all alive with rank on rank of heavenly singers, chanting: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," treble and counter, tenor and bass weaving in and out in wonderful polyphony, till all two men—oh, all too soon!—the pairs are knit together in sevenfold Amen, and are hushed to his forever. The rosy glow fades out. All is dark again. There is only the fire-light flickering upon the trained figures of the shepherds, the dim, uncertain edges of the sky rim and the faint outline of Bethlehem town, and overhead the vaulted space, whether the heavenly choirs have withdrawn, a space so vast, so far in so far, that the imagination flutters and sinks back to earth.

The shepherds harken if they can catch one and faint anthems, but there are only the ember's crackling fall, the tremulous beating of a lamb, the night-wind's rustle, and the blood heating in their ears.

This is why Christmas is.
But what have shepherds to do with fire-trees glittering with candles and scintillations of glided trails? What have angels, choirs to do with hoary beards in wreaths with hooded ribbons, pinnacles, and because that it gives? What has the Babe, the world's Redeemer, to do with a mysterious being that cannot bear that we should look upon him, but comes at midnight, riding behind reindeer and showering gifts on every one? Nothing at all.

These things are Yule, and Christmas; the old faith, not the new. The old religion is like the men that made it; it is unquerable and unquerable. It will never die and be forgot.

And ages before the star hung over where the Young Child lay, all of North Europe kept a feast on December 25th. This is no place to talk of the procession of the equinox, but the stubborn fixity of that date proves the high antiquity of the feast.

In almost every month of all the twelve, good Christian men have celebrated the Nativity. Yuletide never varied. Perhaps the missionaries hoped to smother out this heathen festival by crowding Christmas in upon it, but it would not do. It has learned to keep step with Christmas; it has been sweetened and softened by it, but it is Yule, not Christmas, to this day.

The men and women we could all trace back to if we had the records, men and women that knew well enough how to make the sign of Thor's hammer over what they ate and drank, before



The Annunciation.

there was a Cross to make the sign of, used at the Yule to bring trees of fir into the house, to deck them with nuts and apples and lighted candles. A log of sacred oak they dragged to the fireplace and burned there. The last sheaf of wheat, left unthreshed, they set up on the ridge-pole of the house, not that the hungry winter birds might feast as well as they, but for a weightier reason. The mistletoe they cut from trees, especially the oak and brought it home with singing. I pray you heed and you shall see why mistletoe never should hang in a Christian church.

The man that cut that last sheaf of the harvest, the "neck" as it was called, drank deeper and ate more than all the other reapers. He enjoyed life to the uttermost at the Yuletide. His will was to be obeyed even to the greatest folly. Everything he asked for was his without a question. Everything, bar nothing. Under the mistletoe tonight was forbidden him.

It grows tragic. Something terrible to tell, tucked under this loud and boisterous frolic. The man that cut the "neck"—it was no wish of his to cut it, but his fate. With the other harvesters he had cast his sickle at the last few stalks of standing grain. By ill chance, it was his blade that topped them.

It is the custom nowadays to make a jest of things that in themselves and of old time were very far removed from laughter. We say: "He thinks he's it," meaning: "He has too flattering an opinion of himself." Originally it portended something too grave to have a name. A so-called slang phrase is: "He got it in the neck," which, if it were of modern coinage, were an expression perfectly senseless, but it is very, very old and dark's oldness. It is the cry that marked the Yuletide victim, "He's gotten the neck." In the last few stalks of standing grain the spirit of the harvest took her refuge. He that cut it, cut her throat. His friends made up to him as best they could the unutterable misfortune that had befallen him in being it; they made a king of him, as in other places other victims were made king and wore a purple robe. As this man had saved the harvest spirit, so was he served.

In these days we call that mysterious being, on whom we must not look, by the name of Santa

Claus. Santa Claus is St. Nicholas, the Wonder worker. As he grows older, I think he grows more gentle and forbearing with the children. We may say: "Now, Kenneth, unless you are a very much better little boy than you have been, Old Saint will not bring you anything. No drum, no express-wagon, not a single thing." But I take notice that naughty perverse Kenneth, who kicks and screams with temper, gets just as many pretty toys on Christmas Eve from the fat saint as Timothy, who never answers rudely and always does what he is told. Not so very many years ago had children used to find lumps of coal in their stockings on Christmas morning. A century or so ago if we may trust old German prints, he used to whip the naughty boys; and still more anciently, he scourged the first-born son, be he well or ill behaved. This has a sinister appearance. It means that this mysterious midnight visitor is older far than Santa Claus, St. Nicholas, or any Christian saint. He is of Michael's age, brother in Saturn. I speak as this erect but as meaningfully as possible when I say that he is older than the Passover, and not remote from Abraham.

I think that none of us can help a sigh and a cold chill as we bethink us what this means. Terrible, as it seems to us, our kind long and long also deemed it a sacred duty. Glomy and tragic as it seems to us, it was to them the very pith and heart of Yuletide. It was done for the selfsame reason that the holy and mistletoe were brought in, the fir-tree hung with nuts and apples, and the Yule-log lighted.

The reason was
Suppose you had to let somebody know that you were very hungry, somebody that did not use your language, how would you do? You would make signs of eating, would you not?

And suppose that everything about you, plants, animals, rocks, rivers, clouds, sun, moon, stars, and all were living beings like yourself, but not knowing or not choosing to use your language, you would pantomime your wants to them as best you could. If the country needed rain, you would sprinkle water solemnly and with due process. If you forgot or left out no detail, sung the right words to the right tune and all, it would rain. It couldn't help itself. If it didn't rain, then it was your fault; you had left out something of the pantomime act. Every morning while it was yet dark, somebody had to light a fire to give the sun his cue to rise. If no such fire were lighted—but it is idle speculating on the consequences of what never happened. Evidently there has a ways been some one in some place to light the fire, for the sun has a ways risen regularly.

It seems ridiculous to us that human beings ever should have seriously believed that what they did could change the ordered sequence of the universe, but all men have believed this, and tied knots in string to keep the sun from going down till they got home. Perhaps our most pretentious efforts will seem as comical to our children that shall come after us.

Even we, who talk of the "little head of the sky" (Men of the Muckrakers that we are), must notice that at this season of the year the sun hangs low in the south. It is nothing like so nearly overhead as in the mid-summer time when there is grass for cattle and wild game to feed on, when fruits and berries grow the trees and bushes, when nuts and seeds are ripening, when you can live a life full of food and free, and are not prisoners of the cold, kept on short and lifeless rations. Day by day the sun sinks lower, then seems to falter. On this day, if the right things are done, he will begin to inch a little higher in the southern heaven until summer comes again. This day is Yule. That it is December 25th, and

(Concluded on Page Twenty-Six)

The Puncher

A Chapter from Twice-born Men



BY HAROLD BEGGIE.

WHAT strikes one most in the appearance of this short, broad-shouldered, red-haired prize-fighter is the extreme refinement of his features. His face is pale, with that almost transparent palor of the red-haired; the expression is weary, heavy, and careworn; the features are small, delicate, and regular; one cannot believe that the light-coloured eyes have been hammered, and the small, almost shrill mouth rattled with blows; he might be a poet, the last role one would ascribe to him is that of the ring.

Of all the men in this little group of the "saved," he is the saddest, quietest, and most restrained. He is the least communicative, too; one has to get his history more from others than from himself. He speaks slowly, unwillingly, in a voice so low that one must stretch the ear to hear him; he regards one with the look of a man that does not expect to be understood; one feels that he is carrying a burden; at times one is tempted to wonder whether he really does feel himself to be consciously right, superior, and happy.

I account for this sorrowfulness of manner, first, by the natural inextinguishability of a prize-fighter's temperament, and, secondly, by the profound depths of his spiritual nature, which keeps him dissatisfied with the results of his work or others.

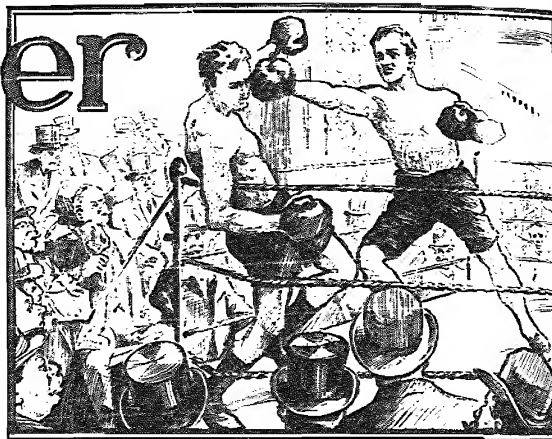
This man, whose fame as a prize-fighter still renders him a hero of the first magnitude among his neighbours, has been the means of saving some of the worst men in the place. Unpaid by The Salvation Army, and devoting every hour of his spare time to its work, the Puncher humbly to save by the score and by the hundred. I discovered in his nature a mothering and compassionate yearning for the souls of unhappy men, the souls of men estranging themselves from God. One perceives that every man so conscious of a mission for saving, and so conscious of the appalling misery of London, must be quiet, and silent, and sorrowful.

He is the son of fairly respectable people who came gradually down and down, till their home was a loft in some messes patronized by cut-throat mission for saving and so respectable of the Puncher received his first stimulus of ambition. There was in the yard, working among the cabs and horses, a young man pointed out by the denizens of that dirty place as a wonderful hero. He had fought someone in a great fight on Wornwood Scrabble, and had beaten him to bits.

"I remember distinctly, just as if it was yesterday," said the reflective Puncher, speaking in his low voice, and looking sadly away from me; "I remember distinctly the feeling that used to come over me whenever I looked at that man. I don't remember life before that. It seemed to me that I only began to live then. And this was the feeling: I wanted to be like that man; I wanted to fight; I wanted people to point at me, and say: 'There's a fighting man.' I never thought I should be as like a man as the cock of our yard. I only wanted to be something like him, something as near to him as strength and pink could carry me. But the day came," he added with a touch of pride, "when I stood up to that very man, a bit of a boy I was, too—and I smothered him. Yes, I smothered him. Ay, and afterwards many a man bigger than him; a lot bigger."

While he was a boy, still stirred by these

The Fight at the National Sporting Club.



heroic longness, he started out on a career of wildness and daring. He had all these virtues, headstrong, and daring qualities which in such a country as Canada or South Africa would have made him a useful member of society, but which in London drove him into crime. His first escapade was stealing a duck from Regent's Park, for which offence he made his appearance before a magistrate. Then one day he stole several bundles of cloth from a shop, sold them to the keeper of a marine store, and once more, this time with the storekeeper at his side, stood in the dock of a Police Court. The storekeeper went to prison, the boy was fined.

His animal spirits got him into trouble at school. There was no master able to influence his character. He was pronounced utterly unmanageable; his temper was said to be ungovernable; the authorities said that he endangered the lives of other boys by firing shots about as if he wanted to kill someone. He was turned out of nearly every school in Marylebone.

He was still a boy when he stole a bottle of rum from a grocer's barrow, shared it with some of his mates, and made himself so hopelessly drunk that he fell into Regent's Canal. At the age of seventeen he was put to work. Work it was thought, might tame his wild spirits. More over, it was necessary for him to earn bread. He became a porter at Smithfield Meat Market.

It was at this time that he began seriously to discipline his fighting qualities. He trained under a man whom middle-aged sportsmen will remember, the respectable Noble Thorpe. In a few months he was a hero and a man of substance.

He fought sixteen famous fights at Wornwood Scrabble, and won them all. Then came a challenge to meet Eycott at the Horse and Groom Tavern in Long Acre. In those days certain of the public-houses patronized by sportsmen had covered yards at the back of their premises for the purpose of prize fights. It was in one of these places that the young porter from Smithfield Market met Eycott, a rare champion. The fight went through fourteen rounds, and the Puncher was declared victor. Eycott objected to this decision. The Puncher was calm, and they fought again. In three rounds he had won easily.

This victory meant not only money, but fame and the patronage of powerful men. The porter from Smithfield became the flash fighting man a terrible type of humanity. He swaggered with lords, and shook his fist in the face of the world. He met his trainer at the "Horse and Groom," and smothered him in eight rounds. Then came fights with Shields of Marylebone, Dorkie Bates, of Battersea; Tom Woolley, of Walsall, and Bill Baxter, of Shoreditch. At some of these fights at the back of London taverns there were as many as sixteen Members of the House of Lords, in addition to many of the most famous men on the turf. When the National Sporting Club was organized, the Puncher was chosen to open it in a great fight, still remembered, with Stanton Abbott. One of his most famous encounters was with Bill Bell of Hoxton; they fought with bare

kists, on Lord de Clifford's Estate in Devonshire. The record of the Puncher is that never was he beaten by his own weight.

In what state was he at this period of his life? Many times he entered the ring so drunk that the referees objected. He was one of the extraordinary men who can saturate their bodies with alcohol and perform in a condition of complete drunkenness physical feats requiring the coolest brain and the dearest cunning. It was a very ordinary of his body to break down under this terrible strain which ultimately plunged him into ruin.

With his pockets full of money he married a laundress, took a comfortable house, kept servants, a carriage, and a pair of horses, went to levee meetings, associated at home with the rich and powerful, and lived a life of rakish and debauchery.

His body held out. He was perfectly strong perfectly fit. The truth is his whole system was shaking with the joy of success. His brain was on fire. He felt himself capable of enormous things. He was drunk nearly every day of his life. Nothing mattered.

When he began to feel the days of his fighting drawing to a close, he looked about him for other means of earning money quickly and easy. He had not far to look. He started a racing business.

His name so famous to the sporting world was advertised as "A guarantee of good faith." Under the cloak of this name he traded and cheated to a hundred guineas and a hundred guineas. He became the member of a gang. A tip was given, and with an air of mystery was worked for all it was worth by the jockeys and the proprietors: the horse tipped was a certain loser. The men who gave the tip profited by the system made confidentially by their friends, the jockeys. The game did well, and prospered. The Puncher's guarantee of good faith sold many a horseman what is called "a pup."

But suddenly some of these schemes, drawing to a close, attracted the attention of the police. The Puncher lost at a stroke his fame, his popularity, his good name. He was declared a blackguard, and fell from wealth to poverty. His wife and her relations who had sunk themselves in his wealth, became scorned, and antagonistic. The Puncher felt this treatment, and it made him worse. Again and again he went to prison; each time he came out it was to find his wife and children sinking deeper into poverty, and shaking him a colder and deadlier hatred. The old glory of an establishment of horses had quite departed. His experience of these splendours was short-lived. Daring plunged for him a longer experience in the role of a scoundrel.

In one single year, from October 1891, to October 1895, he was seventeen times in prison, chiefly for drunkenness. His wife now left him for the third time, determined that she should be free. She had done with the world. He was alone in poverty with his madness, and a variable passion for drink.

He told me something of the way in which he obtained drink during this destitute period of

his life. He used to in racing companions who to blackmail; he would er it, and what is called money penniless and march into any crowd was known and demoted.

These fighting men, poverty, however weak, can live in a certain fast strength. They are plenty of five drink to them, to first promise that they prevent a disturbance.

The Puncher lived in attraction for him; in reputation for anything; punishment; everything having mass of alcohol which he had sunk in a medical man. His body and nothing else. Try of his brain.

He lived now in the which I have written by the lowest, most loathsome creature earth. He found in his was their kind. No was his kind. He was more to shame than in the days, shine in his eyes; it was. If he hit a man, The Puncher, fed by spread terror through fighter he had been in an object of fear. It was a devil.

His brain was active, the obtaining of a hundred ways, outcast in his ruin began; he was a man, a cat; a cat or two, the fiery longness of always and forever, and call for drink a fied for a little; then waiting for him.

One of his tricks with his wife's fault, few pawn-tickets for to be sold by auction, low houses deal in to thought him of a man who had a good situation, and showed him.

He asked for a licence on one of the knew a good thing, day; meant to walk the horse if he found good.

The money was. It was a great success, no sooner was he declared him by his miserable present, earned fate, he could had been to ask so get more.

But first he must. When the silver of said.

He was what is when this relation at them—came in. The news reached him had been to the family. The news of him reached into the mud.

One day the Puncher in his low hat, how above everything, looked up and saw in the uniform of "What God's for and launched.

The boy pleaded of getting back from turn from wretchedness and home-love could command, with



his life. He used to intimidate those of his old raving companions whom it was perfectly safe to blackmail; he would waylay the rich and powerful, and what he called "pitch a tale," when absolute penniless and mad for drink, he would march into any crowded public house where he was known, and demand it. He was never refused.

These fighting men, when they come down to poverty, however weak and broken they may be, can live in a certain fashion on the terror of their past strength. They do not eat; they demand. There are plenty of publicans who themselves give drink to these terrible men—making them first promise that they will go away—in order to prevent a disturbance, possibly a fight.

The Puncher lived in this way. Food had no attraction for him; indeed, he had a feeling of repulsion for anything in the nature of solid nourishment; everything was in drink. He was a living mass of alcoholic energy. The state into which he had sunk can only be understood by a medical man. His body was supported by alcohol and nothing else. Try and imagine the condition of his brain.

He lived now in the common lodging houses, of which I have written—adding houses occupied by the lowest, most desperate, and infinitely the most loathsome creatures on the face of the earth. He found no horror in these places. He was their king. No one dared to interfere with him. He was more terrible in his rage and madness than in the days of his splendour. Murder alone in his eyes; it was a word often on his lips. If he hit a man, that man felt like a stone. The Puncher, fed by alcohol, was something that spread terror through the district. As a prize-fighter he had been an object of awe; now he was an object of fear. Then he had been a man; now he was a devil.

His brain was active and cunning in one direction—the obtaining of money for drink. He devised a hundred ways for raising the wind. This meant in his case was not an ordinary cunning; he was a man who had known wealth and comfort; a lot of two or four he could not satisfy the fiery longings of his body. He wanted drink always and forever. He wanted to sit at his ease, and call for drink after drink till he slept with food for a little; then to wake and find more drink waiting for him.

One of his tricks brought him into collision with his wife's family. He managed to obtain a few pawn tickets for forgotten jewellery, which was to be sold by auction. Many of the publicans in law houses deal in these tickets. The Puncher thought less of a young relative of his wife's, who had a good situation in an office. Thither he went, and showed his tickets.

He asked for a loan of seven shillings and sixpence on one of these tickets. He said that he knew a good thing for Epsom on the following day; meant to walk there that night and back the horse; if he found that his information still held good.

The money was given. It was a great sum to him in those days, but no sooner was he out of the office than it mad-dened him by its wantonness. He contrasted his miserable present with his glorious past. He cursed fate, he cursed himself. What a fool he had been to ask so little! He would no back and get more.

But first he must drink. When the silver had gone, he went back and got more.

He was what is called "Drunk to the world" when his relation of his wife—who believed him at Epsom—came home unexpectedly.

The news reached his wife and children that he had been to prey upon decent members of the family. The news of what his wife was saying of him reached the Puncher. It sank deeply into the mud.

One day the Puncher's eldest son sought him out in his low haunts. The prize-fighter loved the boy above everything on earth except drink. He looked up and saw his son standing before him in the uniform of The Salvation Army.

"What folk's foolery is this?" he demanded, and laughed.

The boy pleaded with his father. He spoke of getting back from misery to comfort of a return from wretchedness and destitution to happiness and home-love. With all the earnestness he could command, with all the anxiety of a son to

save his father, the lad pleaded with the Puncher.

The Puncher laughed.

He had one form of expression for an answer. In his rage, shame, and frightful boastfulness, he looked proudly at his son and exclaimed: "Me—a Salvationist?" The contempt was complete.

That phrase haunted him and delighted him long after the son had retired discontentedly: "Me—a Salvationist?" He kept on repeating, and every time he laughed with a rich delight. It was the first joke he had enjoyed for a year.

He got profoundly drunk, out of sheer joy, and was in trouble with the police. Then night he slept in a cell at the police court.

The next day was Sunday.

He was in his cell, tortured by thirst, mad with the rage of a caged beast, cursing God for this long Sunday of solitude and imprisonment when suddenly he heard the noise of a hand turning the little grating at the top of his cell.

He considered, and knew it to be the hand of The Salvation Army.

He thought of his son.

As he sat there, dwelling on all memories evoked by the thought of his boy, he compared his wretchedness and despair with the lad's brightness and goodness, and suddenly he felt into tears, vowed that he would at least make an effort to live a decent life.

He spent that Sunday striving to prepare himself for the great struggle. He endeavored to see clearly what it would mean. The temptation to drink, he knew well, would continually assail him. The taste for steady work, which had always characterized him would take time to overcome. It would be a hard fight, the hardest he ever put up, but it was worth it. Instead of the loathsome house, a home; instead of the coarsest companionship, the love of wife and children; instead of the prison, security and peace! Surely, this was worth a big fight.

On the following morning he stood in the dock. There were plenty of officials to tell the wretched man the past record of this prisoner. Unfortunately there was no one to tell him what thoughts had been working in his brain at that long Sunday in the terrible solitude of the cell. The sentence was a month's hard labour. No doubt many people who read the case, in the newspaper, said that the punishment was inadequate, and called the Puncher hard names. One can only judge now by written statements; the admission of anything else is impossible. The Puncher deserved his month.

What did the month's imprisonment do for him in his new state of mind? It had a curious effect upon him. It roused him into a new form of mental energy. Brave, vigorous, and restored to something of his old showing in his strength, he looked with an equal eagerness on his life of horror and on his intention to reform it.

His mind was filled with a vague consciousness of some unattainable superiority which he had missed by his past life, and which he would have even further degraded by his notion of a reformation. Only in the deplorable condition to which drink had reduced him, could he have entertained the base notion of creeping back to his wife with a plea for pity and forgiveness. He resolved from himself. How now must he have fallen to contemplate the cowardice of repentance? God in Heaven, to what further depths of infamous disgust might he descend, if it were possible for him a few hours ago to think of religion?

Do you understand this condition of his mind?

He was conscious of some unattainable superiority. He felt himself infinitely above his degradation, and infinitely above his pious son in the red jersey. He was conscious of a great manhood of powers capable of inconceivable self-reliance of some immense superiority beyond his reach, and of which the world—God curse it!—had cheated him.

No; not unattainable.

It flashed upon him that it was attainable.

He could attain it by death.

This man, whose life and refined face told of a profound spiritual warfare, felt himself now to the fullness of his stature in the realization that death would save him from himself.

When he left the prison his mind was made up.

He would murder his wife and end his life by dying gamely on the scaffold.

This intention was perfectly clear and definite in his mind. It was a fixed idea. No powerful

was it, of such extraordinary power, that it utterly destroyed his manly for drink. Psychologists, interested to observe how a religious idea will suddenly upon a long-established habit, will be equally interested to find how an idea of hate destroyed the appetite for alcohol in the body of a man literally saturated with the poison. The established madness was excited by a single idea for food in the mind during a period of enforced deprivation. One devil went out, and another entered.

The Puncher went straight from the prison to some of his old sporting acquaintances. He borrowed a sovereign. He drank with his friends till he was drunk, because they pressed him, but he did not break the sovereign for drink. With this money, he purchased a butcher's knife and a hammer of food. He concealed the knife on his person, and carried the provisions to his wife.

The woman, who had suffered terribly at his hands, but who had never before received his advances chillingly. He proposed a reconciliation, presenting the food as his peace-offering. Then he suggested a visit to the "beast museum." Apparently out of fear of his fists, she accepted his proposal. She accepted the proposal of a man with murder in his heart, the means of murder on his person, and a man who was drunk.

The Puncher's hatred for his wife was deep-seated. Her personality jarred upon him at every point. On her, too, centred the accumulated animosity he felt for his relations, who had done so much, he considered, to break up his home. To murder her did not in the least daunt his mind; the contemplation of the act did not unnerve nor strike him as horrible; rather it seemed to him in the nature of achievement, a belated justice, better even with all his multitudinous enemies at one stroke.

They went out from the house.

As they passed down the street, a door opened, and a Salvationist, who knew the Puncher and knew his son came out and joined them. He asked if husband and wife were ready to go to meeting. The Puncher and No. The Salvationist, standing a converted drunkard and wife, began to march and looked the prize-fighter in the face. He told him slowly and steadily, looking at him as they went down the street, that he could never be happy until his son was at peace. He said this with emphatic meaning. Then he said: "God has got a better life for you, and you know it." The Puncher struck across the road and entered a public-house. His wife waited at the door for her husband.

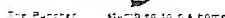
He says that while he stood drinking in the bar, feeling no other emotion than annoyance at the Salvationist's interference, suddenly he saw a vision. The nature of this vision was not recalled. In a flash he saw that his wife was murdered, just as he had planned and desired; that he had died came on the scaffold, just as he had determined; the thing was done; vengeance wreaked, atonement obtained—he had died game; he was dead and the world was done with. At this in a flash of consciousness and with it the despairing knowledge that he was still not at rest. Somewhere in the universe, disembodied and apparently alone, his soul was unhappy. He knew that he was dead; he knew that the world was done with; but he was conscious, he was unhappy. This was the vision. With it he saw the world pointing at his son, and saying: "That's your young man, whose father was hanged for murdering his mother."

A wave of shame swept over him; he came out of his vision with this sense of horror and shame, drenching his thought. For the first time in all his life he was stunned by realization of his degradation and infamy. He knew himself.

Now the vision came may be easily explained by subconscious suggestion. He had long meditated the crime of murdering his wife, he had been haunted upon the glory of dying game; an explosion of nervous energy presented him, even as it presented Marlow, with anticipatory realization of his thought. In other words we know not about the workings of the mind; but the realization of the horror? How did shame come to this man utterly hardened and depraved? And what, in the language of psychology, is shame? How does great matter become ashamed of itself? How do the ideas of the mind become aware of the feelings of the body? Moreover, there is this to be remembered for the immediate effect of the vision.

given to saving men with whom he had companied in every conceivable baseness and misery. This man, as other narratives will show, has been the means of saving men apparently the most hopeless. To this day, working hard for his living and with scarcely dreaming in his life, he is still to be found in that bad quarter of London, spending his time and his money in the work of rescuing the lost. I never met a gladder soul set upon this bitter and despairing task of rescue.

And hear something of what he has come through.



During as he was, he went straight out for the smithy-churn to the mill where The Sultan's Army was holding its meeting. His wife went with him. He said later, "In going to join The Army." At the end of the meeting he rose from his seat, went to the peasant's farm, bowed him, said to him, "I am like the man in the parable, I will go and build my house on the sand." He said to him, "I will go and build my house on the sand." He said to him, "I will go and build my house on the sand." He said to him, "I will go and build my house on the sand."

His age at the time is not known, but he was a student. The two boys ran away from their Arkansas home to join the German army in 1941. He is now 64 years old. A few years after his capture, the British captured the German ship and the two teenagers were taken to England. He became a British citizen and stayed in the country for a few years before he came over here. He was a member of the German army and was in the front line and was killed in action. He was a member of the German army and was in the front line and was killed in action.

It is not a matter of time, like if the effect of the medicine is not noticed, we will not continue. The doctor's tests tell us every day that the therapy is working and the condition is improving. The patient is not aware of the improvement, but the doctor is. The doctor is the one who is in charge of the treatment and the patient is the one who is being treated. The doctor is the one who is in charge of the treatment and the patient is the one who is being treated.

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After his conversion and when it seemed quite certain that he would never return, a lady saw in the Puncher and two other men with a toy car and said that they might become traveling street-vendors. The business prospered. The punch-fighter and ex-dandy was quite happy in his work. Money came sufficiently for the needs of the home. The work was hard and pleasant but it was interesting.

Then his wife gradually cooled toward the Army. It was not respectable enough for her relations. She did not mind a soldier who had a few won'ted symphony. Probably she was not to remain a Salvationist if that meant she would lose her family from his circle. Her husband had been a better friend from a more part of the Army. The Pioneer had been the morality and so it was his religion.

Almost more difficult to bear was the fact that he could do so greatly—the big ship had the strength to save him—deserted him. The Admirals gave his thoughts to other things. He did not know how bad or violent a sea might be to a vessel, but the oil extravasation of the ship, which was one can keep a vessel from a full term of service, vanished. The fact was that the Salvator was left in his path.

One other waterspout he saw while out with the company in North Carolina. The third summer in the venture had been one of the best ones. The Purdie was out on the water, and the other two boats, the "Purdie" and the "Purdie" were out on the water. The Purdie was out on the water, and the other two boats, the "Purdie" and the "Purdie" were out on the water. The Purdie was out on the water, and the other two boats, the "Purdie" and the "Purdie" were out on the water.

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Port's report that "this is a very serious situation" and that "the class is not going to be able to handle it."

The Pioneer for the past several years has been in the hands of a family who have been in the business of publishing for many years. The Pioneer for the past several years has been in the hands of a family who have been in the business of publishing for many years. The Pioneer for the past several years has been in the hands of a family who have been in the business of publishing for many years.

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The document further states that the FBI has been off the case for some time and that the United States Attorney General has been asked to take the case back from the FBI.

That was a heavy price for the privilege of being able to see the "mirage of the sea" from the shore. It took him a full day to get back to his quarters, and he was still a little out of sorts when he came back. He was still a little out of sorts when he came back. He was still a little out of sorts when he came back.

and it seems to me there is nothing remarkable in the narrative than the poor fellow's fixed idea that if only he could get to his room he would be safe.

From that day he has never failed to be well-received for him. His sympathy is for an increasing distress in the home. The solitude of his complete. His children do not care for his religion. He has to earn his bread and is not a Salvationist, and show his sympathy. But in spite of all remains in the neighborhood. I would and he is there perhaps a year for personal religion among the poor, the broken, and the ones who play streets.

The "Puncher," someone said to me, was spent hours and possibly trying to reach his home. He is chiefly unhappy to be saved a man than he has. He seems nothing else. He's always talking about his low wages and with that dream of a company in his solution.

He is able to pay from The Army as well as from his own pocket. He is able to pay from The Army as well as from his own pocket. He is able to pay from The Army as well as from his own pocket.

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EDITORIAL CHAT

THE SEASON'S GREETINGS.

GAIN It is our privilege to extend to the readers of The War Cry the good wishes of this festive season. Although at the time we write Christmas Day is a week or two distant, yet there is every evidence that, so far as temporal prosperity is concerned, this will be a happy Christmas, and that in the vast majority of Canadian homes there will be wood for the stove and a turkey for the table. God is very good to us as a nation; let us all strive to serve Him loyally and lovingly as individuals. One service that we can render God is to remember those who by adversity, or even by their own follies, are in poverty and distress this Christmas tide. Let us each give of our store, so that they may be warmed and fed, and thus led to adore the name of Jesus, whose blessed influence creates generosity, and peace and good-will toward men.

The Salvation Army throughout the world will dispense over a million Christmas dinners during Christmas-tide, besides thousands of new garments, tons of coal, and large quantities of toys and things that delight the hearts of children. The surest way to make your own Christmas a happy one is to try to make it happy for others.

GOLD AND FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH.

THE smoke of the censer, so fragrantly smelling,
Not higher doth rise than the dome richly dight;
Shine I of an incense that's wafted to Heaven,
Where Jesus doth reign, and his Saints are in white.

"The MYRRH of good deeds that are done in the helpless
Such as dwell in the gloom—this world's Nazareth;
Of pains that are 'smeared' and wheries lightened;
Hearts filled with rejoicing once weighted with death."

The vessels of GOLD to God's Altar presented,
Are not offering so much as the poor person's mite,
That in God's name is given to shelter the homeless
From the Chills and the Tempests that stalk in the night.

God's Temple is Man—He'll be framed as,
Then lavish not treasure on buildings of stone;
But that Temple restore, by the Devil defaced,
And in His own Building the Master enthroned.

To tell of God's mercy is FRANKINCENSE holy—
A sweet smelling savour, as roses at morn.
To save a poor sinner in God's sight is more worthy
Than with pulchre and marble stone walls to adorn.

As man is God's Temple let's serve Man with gladness,
Come, bring forth your gold, your myrrh—all your worth,
Like the Wise Men of Sabon, give God treasure and worship,
Make His living Temples the fairest on earth.
—J. D.

ABOUT OURSELVES.

It is our hope that our readers will be pleased with the results that have attended our efforts to make The War Cry Christmas Number worthy of The Army and the season. We incline to the opinion that in art, literature, and printing, it evinces progress. This is satisfactory, because, with few exceptions, it is the product of men who are not only Salvationists, but who have been trained by The Salvation Army for the production of its journals. It is the honor of Salvationists that "there is a place in The Army for all," and certainly there are very few talents we want of that The Army cannot usefully employ for the extension of the Kingdom of God. We commend to the attention of all our young readers the picture that is printed on page two, and we hope that the same determination will be encountered in their hearts as they reflect on Christmas and what it means as is represented in the case of the young woman in the picture referred to. It may be of interest to our readers to know that the comrade who posed for the picture was, as a matter of fact, led to consecrate herself to the service of God in very much the same manner as she is depicted. A young music teacher, gifted and cultured, she is now a Captain in

a Corps gloriously happy in the service of God and successful in leading men and women to God and righteousness.

A GREAT ADMINISTRATOR.

HERE are two or three articles in this issue to which we should like to call attention. One is that by The General, and it is a most inspiring article to Salvationists. Another is that study of the Chief of the Staff from an administrative point of view, by Colonel Kitching, who has special facilities for looking this study. Naturally enough, the Colonel—as all Salvationists would do who wrote on the Chief—writes with a pen dipped deep in affection. We should like to say, however, that no Salvationist writer, to our knowledge, has ever written such laudatory phrases concerning the Chief of the Staff as have been extended, analytical, and responsible publicists—writers who penned their words with the consciousness that authorities would form their opinion by the views they expressed. Such have styled Mr. Bramwell Booth "the greatest executive officer since Moses," and "the world's greatest Commandant." Less rhetorical, perhaps, but equally convincing is the statement of that well-known writer, Mr. Arnold White, who writes thus in his notable book, "The Great Idea":

"I claim for The Salvation Army not only purity and efficiency of financial methods but also adaptation of small means to great ends by dint of administrative skill of a high order. If it were only possible for Mr. Bramwell Booth to abandon the Great Idea and go into Party politics, I am convinced that as Secretary of State for War he would be better worth \$25,000 a year, and a first-class pension after four years' service, than the authority of his predecessors."

A PSYCHOLOGIST ON CONVERSION.

THE third item of our contents to which we direct special attention is the story entitled "The Punisher." Mr. Harold Beattie, from whose remarkable book we have taken that story, is a deep thinker and a brilliant stylist, and we are inclined to think that the stories of Salvation Army converts forming the book are the most extraordinary collection of life stories published in recent years. The fascinating as the stories are, we must confess that Mr. Beattie's preface to his book interested us still more. For the benefit of those who are unable to procure the book, we take some extracts on conversion from this preface. Now, we are not persons conversant with Mr. Harold Beattie, we are in utter ignorance as to his religious views; in fact, we strongly suspect that he is more scientific than Spiritualist, and more given to the study of "what" than to "whether" preaching. Nevertheless, no Salvationist could be more outspoken or definite in his assertions as to the reality of conversion than this writer. We Salvationists see too many of the miracles of transforming grace to be in doubt as to the nature of the new birth into righteousness. Still, we may find some encouragement in finding that there are others who think as we do.

"The business of this book, which I venture to describe as a fact note in reference to Professor James' work, is to bring home to men's minds this fact concerning conversion, that whatever it may be, conversion is the only means by which a radically bad person can be changed into a radically good person."

"Whatever we may think of the phenomenon itself, the fact stands clear and unassailable, that by this thing called conversion, men, consciously wrong, inferior, and unhappy, become consciously right, surer, and happy. It produces not a change, but a revolution in character. It does not alter, it creates a new personality. The phrase 'a new birth' is not a rhetorical hypothesis but a fact of the physical kind. Men who have been infertile, sterile, and dead—conversion have become ardent sowers of the 'best seed' with all the ethereal seedbeds of their inexhaustible and imperishable discovery. That in the change which overcame them they were conscious of being 'born again.' To them and we can go to the other authorities, this tremendous revolution, to consummate sacrifice a new birth. It transforms darkness into Cordelia, Callion into Ariel, Saul of Tarsus into Paul the Apostle."

"There is no medicine, no Act of Parliament, no moral treatise, and no invention of philanthropy which can transform a man radically bad into a man radically good. If the State, burdened, weary, and inefficient to its end, if it had at religion that relief is sought. Only religion performs the miracle which will convert the burden into assistance. There is nothing else; there can be nothing else. Science desires of these people, and pronounces them 'hopeless' and 'incurable.'"

and it seems to me there is nothing more remarkable in the narrative than the poor fellow's old idea that if only he could get his jersey would be safe.

From that day he has never failed. The shadows have deepened for him. His sympathy is an increasing distress. The solitude of his complete. His children do not care about their mother's religion. He has to earn his living among men who are not Salvationists, and who do not show him sympathy. But in spite of this the Punisher remains in the neighbourhood of which I am writing, and he is there perhaps the greatest source for personal religion among the poor, the sorrowful, the broken, and the "lost" who crawl through the shabby streets.

"The Punisher," someone said to me, "has great strength and pounds trying to reach his old comrades. He is chiefly unhappy because he has not more than he has. He seems to think of nothing else. He's always talking about it in his low voice, and with that queer staring look 'coming in his sad eyes.'"

He receives no pay from The Army. He is not Official. He is a Soldier's volunteer. The time he gives to the work is the time he gets from a day of earning daily bread.

When I suggested to the Adjutant, mentioned in the preface, that it might be well for The Army to deliver this remarkable man from the task of earning his living, and set him free to "preach" over the kingdom, he replied:

"He teaches every now and then at great points, and wherever his name goes, we get a good audience, for he is known all over England, mainly in places where there are no churches. The Army does not encourage him, because a man who continually harries a story is not a man who is apt to stay in the Army, that is at hand, and it is not conversion. You see we stop at converting people from time and time again, we endeavour to lead them on to the next character. This man is quite ready to mind. His wife's presence for the sake of others (because sometimes it is an impediment to the discipline of earning his daily bread is better for him than the excitement of continuing the story of the case). This which is his life's moving every day of his life. He is not wise in this. To be converted it



He had taken off his coat and put on his jersey.

a new beginning of something great. It does not this remark of the Adjutant, one fresh idea of The Salvation Army as a "militant" force."

HE THOUGHT IT MEANT HIM.

(Continued From Page Nine.)

after attending The Army meeting, a few of us got soundly converted. They are now old Salvationists, and in a short time their baby boy will be dedicated to God and Army.

JOHN LEARNING CANADIAN STAFF OFFICERS
(Continued From Page Nine.)
The Department and the Chief Secretary's Department. At the present time he is the Manager of the Printing Department at 1 H. Q. Mrs. Arnold, previous to her marriage was Captain Frank and is presently commanding several Canadian Corps.

MAJOR AND MRS. TURPIN.

Major Turpin is a Canadian Engineer in 1914. He was appointed to the position of Hodgman of the Canadian Corps, and then to the position of Chief Engineer of the Canadian Corps. He was later promoted to the position of Major and is now the Chief Engineer of the Canadian Corps. He was previously the Chief Engineer of the Canadian Corps.

He was previously the Chief Engineer of the Canadian Corps. He was previously the Chief Engineer of the Canadian Corps.

MAJOR AND MRS. MAY.

Major May was born in a Canadian town. He was previously the Chief Engineer of the Canadian Corps. He was previously the Chief Engineer of the Canadian Corps. He was previously the Chief Engineer of the Canadian Corps.

MAJOR AND MRS. GREEN.

Major Green was born in a Canadian town. He was previously the Chief Engineer of the Canadian Corps. He was previously the Chief Engineer of the Canadian Corps. He was previously the Chief Engineer of the Canadian Corps.

MAJOR AND MRS. McLEAN.

Major McLean was born in a Canadian town. He was previously the Chief Engineer of the Canadian Corps. He was previously the Chief Engineer of the Canadian Corps. He was previously the Chief Engineer of the Canadian Corps.

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT.

How lowly and how humble the poorest of men are! How lowly and how humble the poorest of men are! How lowly and how humble the poorest of men are!

old growth must be clean done away with, to make room for the harvest of the new year. God of the harvest be, and peace and sacrifice all in one. So, let us, this blessed time, be joined, under the mistletoe, the Golden Bough.

In our little we may read the story of a young man and his wife, from whom a little boy just beginning to walk and talk. Their first-born. But the young man and his wife must have noted every step he took, every step he took, every step he took.

How dear he must have been to them, their first-born child, their son! But the mother, that upon the Holy Night, when he was born, some one that none might see with a midnight darkness and a night of winter.

It is good something to have a little boy, who this to see how far they have come. We shall see, when the time comes, that the boy will be a man, and a man will be a man, and a man will be a man.

The old man, who in the old days, was a man, and a man will be a man, and a man will be a man, and a man will be a man.

The old man, who in the old days, was a man, and a man will be a man, and a man will be a man, and a man will be a man.

The old man, who in the old days, was a man, and a man will be a man, and a man will be a man, and a man will be a man.

The Praying League.

General Prayer: "O Lord, be pleased to graciously bless all who are in any trouble, sorrow, or bereavement, and especially need Thy grace and presence and help at this time."

Pray for all Salvation Army members during the Christmas season.

Pray for all who are absent from home and loved ones during the Yuletide.

Pray for all who are bereaved, and especially need Thy grace and presence and help at this time.

Pray for the Rescue Work.

SUNDAY, December 27th—Alive in the name of the Lord.

MONDAY, December 28th—Morning in the name of the Lord.

TUESDAY, December 29th—Morning in the name of the Lord.

WEDNESDAY, December 30th—Morning in the name of the Lord.

THURSDAY, December 31st—Morning in the name of the Lord.

FRIDAY, December 31st—Morning in the name of the Lord.

SATURDAY, December 31st—Morning in the name of the Lord.

SUNDAY, December 31st—Morning in the name of the Lord.

MONDAY, December 31st—Morning in the name of the Lord.

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WEDNESDAY, December 31st—Morning in the name of the Lord.

THURSDAY, December 31st—Morning in the name of the Lord.

FRIDAY, December 31st—Morning in the name of the Lord.

SATURDAY, December 31st—Morning in the name of the Lord.

SUNDAY, December 31st—Morning in the name of the Lord.

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TUESDAY, December 31st—Morning in the name of the Lord.

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The Salvation Army has blessed with

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What is The Salvation Army?

THE GREAT WITNESS OF MODERN TIMES TO THE POWER OF TRUTH.



THE SALVATION ARMY is the great witness of modern times to the power of the Truth. Without wealth, or reputation, or influence of human aid; in spite of hatred, obloquy, ignorance and persecution, it has won a worthy place in the history of God's dealings with the world, and now commands the attention and esteem of all good men.

This world-wide agency has been raised up from the ranks of the poor by the labour of the poor for the salvation of the poor; and it has been done through the power of God and by the proclaiming of Jesus Christ as His Son and the Saviour of the world. Through the advent of Christ's Presence and Ministry a desire has been created—a desire which at this festive season is intensified in the hearts of all His followers—to bring on earth peace and goodwill toward all men.

The Salvation Army Officer seeks, not only at Christmastide, but during the whole of the year, to accomplish this by giving her or his life to this end, and earnestly desires the co-operation of those whom God has blessed with this world's goods to bring this about by assisting with their substance.

Encouraging as are the records, during the past year, of battles fought and mighty victories won through the power of the Cross, many of these achievements could have been doubled if only we could have increased the number of those who are prepared to give us a share of their substance for the extension of God's Kingdom.

The year 1911 bids fair to mark some tremendous advances in S.A. Warfare throughout the Dominion. In keeping pace with these advances \$250,000.00 could be well spent on the following departments of work:—

The Spiritual Work

- „ Rescue „
- „ Maternity „
- „ Hospital „
- „ Prison Gate „
- „ Children's „
- „ Men's Social „

The Sick Officers' Fund

- „ Officers' Pension „
- „ Poor Corps' „
- „ Training of Officers „
- „ General Extension Work „
- „ Home Missionary Fields „
- „ Foreign „ „

Homes for Drunkards, etc., etc.

One of the ways by which you may be able to permanently assist this Work would be to endow one or more of the Institutions carrying on the work as represented above. Should you feel disposed to consider such an endowment, full particulars can be obtained from Commissioner Coombs, Territorial Headquarters, James and Albert Streets, Toronto.

REMEMBER THE ARMY IN YOUR WILL.

A number of ladies and gentlemen have under consideration the altering of their Will in order that The Salvation Army may become one of the Beneficiaries in case of death. Why not be included in the number?—especially if you feel you are not able to contribute forthwith.

The following is a short and good form of will:—

I, _____

(Here give full name)

of _____

(Here give full name)

make this my last will: I give, devise and bequeath (here state whether cash or property, and if the latter, give full particulars concerning such property) to The Salvation Army in the Dominion of Canada, and I will and direct that such be paid over or transferred to The Salvation Army in the Dominion of Canada.

I appoint (give name) of (give residence) executor of my will.

Signed and acknowledged this (date) day of (month), A.D. 19 ____.

Signed by the above-named _____ as his last will in the presence of us, both being present at the same time, who in his presence and in the presence of each other, and at his or her request, have thereunto subscribed our names as witnesses.

